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THE FORGING OF PASSION INTO POWER

By

Mary Everest Boole

RF 2.0969

Dr. J. R. KATZ

THE FORGING OF PASSION INTO POWER

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BY

MARY EVEREST BOOLE

NEW YORK
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1911

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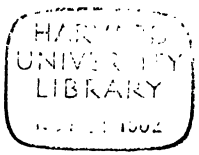

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"If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

PSALM 139.

"Forge and transform my passion into power."

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

To

H. M.

IN MEMORY OF

"FRANCES OBRENOVITCH"

ADVISER OF

THE TEMPTED AND DESPAIRING

IN A LAND OF SLAVES

On the few occasions when you and I have met, we have disagreed on nearly every point of which we have spoken.

But we are linked together by a three-fold cord. We have in common the friendship of "Frances Obrenovitch," and also that nostalgia of the abyss and that passion for the despised and rejected which have been the common basis of character of the greatest saints and the most abandoned sinners, the most hopeless mental wrecks and the most eminent scientific discoverers of all ages.

M. E. B.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	PREFACE	13
1.	INTRODUCTORY	21
2.	THE TRAINING OF THE IMAGINATION	28
3.	ECONOMY OF FORCE	32
4.	DESTRUCTIVE MANIA	34
5.	SUICIDAL MANIA	42
6.	MORALITY AND ART	46
7.	SEX INSTINCTS	55
8.	PROTECTIVE INSTINCTS	65
9.	BALANCE OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM	72
10.	THE INVERT CONSCIOUSNESS	85
11.	THE FIXING OF GOOD HABITS	92
12.	CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS MIND	111
13.	HYPERÆSTHESIA — ADUMBRATIONS — HALLUCINATIONS—HYSTERIA	115
14.	MOBILITY AND DECISION	132
15.	THE STEADYING OF THE IMAGINATION	136
16.	TEACHER-LUST	141
17.	THE NEW IDEA OF ORDER	145

PREFACE

IN matters of external advantage the poor must feed on the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. In the mental science of how to suspend passion so as to convert it into power, the inverse rule holds good. Or perhaps it would be a truer statement of the case if we said that the same rule holds good in both realms, but the classification is inverted: the rich in the goods of this world have to ask for crumbs which fall from the table of the others.

Many of the world's wealthy ones appear to be sincerely desirous to give to us more than crumbs of their external advantages. But there seems to be some insuperable obstacle in the way. The poor in money, health, sanity, culture, and reputation are always with us, and the other poor, the poor in the science of forging passion into power, are with us too.

Perhaps one reason why the world's favoured ones find it difficult to reach us either to give or to receive effectively, is that we, the poor, do not reach each other. Perhaps if we were more generous to each other, the current thus set flowing might draw with it the possibility of effective currents being set flowing across barriers made by worldly prosperity.

I hope in this volume to introduce to each other various kinds of persons who, in various ways, have successfully learned the great art of converting passion into power.

If, or in so far as, any of the world's favoured ones should at some future day read, and in any manner profit by, the following pages, what they receive will be a gift from the poor to the rich, from the sick to the healthy, from those who have lacked the advantages of education to those who have enjoyed them, from patients in lunacy wards to commissioners in lunacy, from overworked and struggling illegitimate children to their sheltered and well-cared-for legitimate cousins, from Asia to Europe, from Celts to Anglo-Saxons, from despised and oppressed races to their conquerors, from the hooligan class to the respectable, from Jews to Christendom, from benighted and superstitious orthodox Jews to their liberal and enlightened co-religionists, from everything that is despised and rejected to whosoever is honoured by the world.

But for the present we, the less favoured ones, are going to have a little talk together.

Of those who have assisted in accumulating the information contained in this work, such as are still in the flesh can claim their share of credit (or discredit?) if they like to do so. There is a word or two that must be said about some who have passed into the Silent Land.

Nicolas Antoine Boulanger.—Left school a hopeless dunce, who could not learn algebra. Died in his fortieth year, a good mathematician, and a famous engineer. Was one of the Enyclopædists. Left behind him writ-

ings from which it appears evident that he had recovered the Ancient Secret Method used in Egypt and India for training scientific men, engineers, and prophets.

John Boole.—Made shoes, shortly after the date of the French Revolution, in an underground and sometimes very damp cellar in London. Kept a French dictionary in the drawer with his tools. Set up a shoemaker's shop in Lincoln. After his death, his widow, being congratulated on the achievements of her son, a distinguished mathematician, replied: "Yes; George is a clever lad. But did you know his father, sir? He *was* a philosopher."

George Everest.—Went to India at sixteen years old, in the service of the East India Company. Put himself under the tuition of natives of India. Learned from them Oriental languages, religion, and philosophy, and taught himself European mathematics from books. Became Surveyor-General of India.

George, son of the above-named John Boole.—Earned his own living from the age of fifteen and a half. Was prevented from going to college by the necessity of assisting to maintain his parents and younger brothers. Became distinguished in logic and mathematics.

James Hinton.—Began life at about fifteen as cashier in a woollen-draper's shop. Wrote books on morphology and psychology that considerably affected the trend of science.

David Marks.—Was brought up at the Jews' Free School, and earned his own living from the age of fourteen. In his youth no honourable careers were open to Jews, except as teachers among their own people, and, being really much attracted by the New Testament, the

brilliant boy was terribly tempted for some years to make a profession of Christianity in order to open up for himself a possibility of entering some university. But by the age of twenty he had finally taken his resolution; to use his own expression, he had decided that "there was life in the old ship yet." He came to the conclusion that the best Christianity for a Jew is to conduct himself and his ritual so that Jesus Christ, if He were on earth, might worship beside him with satisfaction. Never were more significant words uttered in London than when David Marks said to his congregation at Berkeley Street: "If the Founder of Christianity came back to earth, where would He be to-day? In church? No, but here with us, repeating the Shemang Israel as a good Jew should, and as He did when on earth."

On his ninetieth birthday David Marks received congratulations and thanks from Jews all over the world for having pioneered the way for Israel from slavery and superstition towards culture and progress.

But the reformer, in his anxiety to purify the old Hebrew ritual from superstitious and misleading accretions, left out several elements of overwhelming importance to our knowledge of the methods of culture in use in the Sacred Past where men were trained in the science of prophecy. These elements have mercifully been preserved for us by old-fashioned Jews in Russia and Poland and the Ghetto quarters of East London:—"This strange people, wading through the ages, bearing on their shoulders the burden of their great trust."

Lucy Everest Boole.—Never at any college. Learned chemistry in order to qualify to act as dispenser or shop assistant in pharmacy. Became Fellow of the

Institute of Chemistry, Lecturer on Chemistry, and Head of the Chemical Laboratories at the London School of Medicine for Women.

"*Frances*," only child of an Irish gentleman of good family who died early, leaving her a ward of the English Court of Chancery. During an illness which supervened on the death of her mother, she was found, by a jury consisting of two or three English doctors (who were not her peers), guilty of two crimes, viz., incapacity for taking care of money, and the habit of using Oriental imagery to express thoughts too subtle or too sublime to find expression in ordinary English. She was imprisoned in a lunatic asylum. The familiarities and spiritual promiscuity of such places being intolerable to her sensitive instincts, she took refuge in a mode of self-protection often resorted to in such cases: she set up a claim to be called Queen, and surrounded herself with a sort of mock court etiquette. She took the title of "Queen of Servia" (Land of Slaves), and the signature "Frances Obrenovitch," and occupied herself in studying psychology and in acting as a sort of confidante, confessor, or chaplain to such of the patients (and they were not a few) as she could induce to listen to her exhortations. I met her when she had been already four years in captivity; she was, I think, the grandest spiritual force which ever came into my life. She was so little under any real delusion about her title that from the time she realised my respect for her spiritual instincts she forbade me to kiss her hand, or to address her as "your Majesty." She suffered terribly from the constant companionship of lunatics, some of whom were vicious, and of doctors and nurses, all of whom were ignorant of

psychology, and, though kindly and well-meaning, often hideously irreverent. I offered to procure her freedom by taking out a certificate as lunatic attendant and getting her consigned to my care. The temptation to consent was evidently very great. But she had scruples about hampering my work and career; and, after a few days of heroic struggle with herself, she not only refused to accept my offer, but gave me to understand that the continuance of our friendship depended on my abstaining in future from putting such temptation in her way. To her I owe nearly all that I know about adumbrations and nostalgias; about the conditions under which hallucinations become fixed, and the manner in which they can be dispersed; about the formation of protective optical illusions and the prevention of dangerous delusions. She gave me my first clear insight into the systematic use of Oriental imagery as an organic scientific notation. To her also I owe—though without her knowledge—my clear perception of how a person like myself may be led into crime; for, had Frances ever for one hour so far lost her head as to express a wish to be avenged, there is no telling what I might not have been tempted to do. But Frances never lost her self-control or her spiritual judgment; her own influence over others gave to her both an awe-struck sense of her own responsibility, and a respectful sympathy with all persons in any kind of responsible position. Though revolutionary in every fibre of her being, she would never allow a disrespectful word to be said of any official person in her presence without rebuking it.

"Vengeance is Mine," says the Eternal Pulsator. Had Frances remained at large, she would have been

known only as a pious and well-meaning, but somewhat eccentric, lady. By incarcerating her, her guardian made of her a valuable factor in that great chain of inter-racial sympathies which is so rapidly making all races subject to the British crown aware of certain subtle dangers to which they expose themselves by trusting English officials.

There was another woman, whose name shall be wrapped in silence. She was the "illegitimate" daughter of a well-to-do man. She refused to accept from her "honourable" father the insolent patronage which such men offer to those who have inherited their own pride; preferring to face the struggle for life in a world of strangers. She bequeathed, to some who have helped me, a large share of hereditary intellectual power, and a determination to base a true morality on solid fact, and not to be satisfied with any imitation constructed of parchments tied together with red tape, smeared over with white paint, and stuffed with corruption.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

THE FORGING OF PASSION INTO POWER

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THIS is a book for those who have leisure to think. To the hasty reader and the careless critic it has nothing to say, beyond bidding them God-speed in the perusal of any kind of literature which suits their state of mind.

I am writing for such persons as these:—

For the voyager to far countries, who can take one or two small volumes in his small luggage. It may help him to prepare for a better understanding of the relation between the people he is leaving behind and those whose acquaintance he is about to make.

For the young mother, who has a little time to read on Sunday evening after her baby has gone to sleep, and plenty of time to think over what she has read while she makes its clothes or holds it to her breast. It may help her to steer the child into something like its true place in the world in which it will have to live.

For the cloistered sister who is beginning to wonder why she cut herself off from the joys which other

women prize—provided, that is to say, that she has the courage to ask the question of God, and wait to hear His answer; not thinking it necessary to stun herself, as the heathen do, with vain repetitions of pious statements which she does not believe but only thinks she ought to believe.

For the lady of the *demi-monde*:—provided she has the courage to face her situation calmly in the morning hours; not thinking it necessary to stun herself all day long with noise, drink, affectations, and the strumming of unmusical tunes on some unmusical instrument.

For the man or woman condemned by circumstances either to a life of monotonous drudgery or to one of dreary idleness, or to a still more dreary round of so-called social duties, which are not really due to anyone, and of so-called social pleasures which do not please.

For the man who knows he has something to tell the world, but has not found his way to any adequate mode of utterance.

For the paralytic confined to his chair.

For the felon confined in a gaol.

And, last and chiefly, for the patient in the lunatic asylum.

For any and all who have, temporarily or finally, drifted out of the main current of social life into some stagnant (and perhaps muddy) backwater.

Whoever the reader is, he or she will find the understanding of the book much facilitated by interposing at least one night between the end of one chapter and the beginning of the next.

Dear friends, never suppose that, because you yourselves are unable to swim in mid-channel, therefore

you are cut off from the great joy of delivering your message to your fellow-men and women.

Thoughts are facts; and they can pass through barriers impenetrable to human bodies.

Let me help you, if I can, to understand yourselves. If you once do that, believe me, you will somehow succeed in getting the world to understand you.

I want to help you, if you will allow me, to learn the art (for it is an art, quite as much so as music and painting) of the orderly arrangement of thought.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the Art of Thinking can be learned only by thinking of what are called "learned" topics. This is not the case. The finest music is made not by clashing together heavy masses of gems or of precious metals, but by "scraping the guts of a cat with hairs from the tail of a horse." But you must do the scraping *according to the Laws of Music.*

The Art of Thinking can be learned, and practised, with very homely and even unbeautiful material to think about. It is said that the finest poetry in the Yiddish language was written by a man who toiled seventeen hours a day in a factory and lived in a hideous tenement of New York.

A man in prison once wrote to a woman outside:—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds, innocent and quiet, take
> That for a hermitage."

People who are well-to-do, free and cultured, and who live in beautiful surroundings, admire those lines

and find enjoyment in reading them; but you, who are in prison, say, and say truly, that they bring no message of comfort to you; stone walls do make a prison for you, and you see no use in pretending to deny it.

You are quite right. Those who offer you things written by other people by way of consolation, mistake, it seems to me, the whole lie of the situation. Can you imagine the delight of *writing* those verses; of feeling the music of them flow into one from some Source Unseen, and through one out into the world? The material out of which the man built up his verses consisted of:—stone walls and iron bars. Whatever the material, the joy of the artist in the act of creating harmony under inspiration is the same.

"I am a lonely man," said he;
"The storm-tossed mariner, alone,
Echoing back the wild wind's moan,
Breathes not my loneliness," said he.
"All alone; all unknown;
Like the sun, like the moon."

"There is," I said, "a loneliness
That lights the soul like fireflies
Dim twinkling under darkening skies;
'Tis near akin to happiness.
All alone it hath shone,
Like the sun, like the moon."

"I'm not a manly man," said he;
"A worm upon the path, I fear
The fight for life is too severe.
They've crushed me under foot," said he.
"All alone, nothing won,
Myself I seem to shun."

"A worm there is, a worm," said I,
"That strives to glimmer on the earth,
A light for all. Is that not worth
A life as in the changeful sky?
Shines the moon, shines the sun
Not unknown unto One."

The writer of these lines had no literary skill, and could not write good rhyme and rhythm; but he could, and did, weave the symptoms and symbols of mere melancholic passion into exquisitely organic imagery; he translated the sense of hopeless loneliness into the useful solitude of the light-house, and the sensation of being abject like a worm into the vision of a glow-worm. Do you think he felt abject or lonely while he was writing these lines? His passion had become transformed into power.

Perhaps some reader may feel inclined to say that his mind is neither innocent nor quiet; that he has nothing to think of except anger, hatred, and unsatisfied lusts. That is not quite true of anybody; still, let that pass. I am neither parson nor moralist; it is no part of my function to tell you that such passions are wicked. They are, in their own way, not bad material for art. If you have nothing to think about except stormy passions and desires, think about them; but think about them truly according to the laws of your own thinking machinery. We cannot all acquire skill in weaving words into harmonious verse, but we can all be artists in thought and group ideas harmoniously. Whatever you have to think about, learn to think according to the Laws of Thought.

If you are on a long voyage across a monotonous

ocean, learn to think artistically, not only about the sea and sky and the sailors' work, but also about the fact of monotony.

If you have become a criminal after being brought up "respectably," as it is called, learn to think artistically about the relations and the contrast between what is called respectability and what is called crime.

If, on the contrary, you were brought up by thief parents, and have nothing in your memory but a life of more or less successful dodging of the police, learn to think artistically about the relations between your class and the police:—there is plenty that needs thinking out in that matter, and the world would be the better for hearing what you have to say about it.

And you, young mother, you at least have plenty of thought-material close at hand, in your baby's cries and smiles. He will begin to cut his teeth presently, and the first use he will wish to make of them will be to bite you. You have to decide whether you will allow him to do so or not. Decide it carefully, according to what you know of your child's heredity; not forgetting to take into account the amount of your own stamina and power of endurance. Do not forget that, in this matter more perhaps than in any other—

> "As we chose in small things always
> We must choose at last in great;
> For 'tis then the gods deny us
> Our own hand upon our fate."[1]

Now you are going to ask me whether or not you shall let baby cut his teeth upon your flesh! How

[1] Mary Ellen Hinton.

should I know? I am an artist, not a quack-doctor with a universal prescription to suit all constitutions. Whether a baby ought or ought not to bite his mother, depends, as I said, on his heredity and the extent of her powers of endurance; also on her and the father's conception of the meaning and use of family life. On the father's conception especially. I am trying to teach you, not a code suited to all families, but the *Art of Thinking* on the facts presented to you by your own life and circumstances.

And you, whom the world calls mad, you at least can have no lack of material for thought. And you well know—some of you—that the so-called "sane" world is ignorant of much which you have seen, and hideously irreverent to much that you feel to be sacred. Pull yourselves together, friends, and learn to deliver your message in such-wise that the outer world must listen, and revere. You do not, you cannot, doubt the value of your own message to the world; many of you are certified "megalomaniacs" because you cannot be got to disbelieve it. What you most long for is that someone in the outer world should believe in it with you. Courage, friends; I believe in it,—because I have *seen*. Now, therefore, let us, who understand each other, learn some logic together, and write so that the world shall understand something of which you have caught a glimpse, and which you know to be part of the scientific framework round which must be organised anything which could claim the right to describe itself as an organic art of thinking.

CHAPTER II

THE TRAINING OF THE IMAGINATION

FOR learning the art of the orderly arrangement of thought, no previous knowledge is necessary of logic or of any science whatever. What is necessary is a willingness on the part of the readers not to resist but to aid the writer in furnishing their minds with simple imagery, derived from various departments of human life, including science.

The imagery will be used, not in order to prove any doctrine, but to facilitate the orderly arrangement of thought material. When we are trying to put our household goods in order, we find it useful to provide ourselves with convenient shelves, racks, and hooks on which to store them; when we are trying to put our thoughts in order, we find it advisable to fasten up in our memories a convenient framework of imagery on which we can register *our thought-processes*.

Let us think of Time as a mass of water in a pool or tank. That is to say, Time Past is the water. Time Future shall be represented by the air above it. Water is continually coming slowly in at the top of the pool, and trickling away below into cavernous depths out of sight.

The surface of the pool represents Time Present.

Now let us represent the consciousness of an individual by a stick floating at the surface of the pool. On one end of the stick is written "Emotion and Sensation"; on the other, "Action and Influence."

Please get this idea fixed up in your mind, before you read any further. Little precautions of this kind go a great way towards conferring clearness of understanding and preventing fogginess and misapprehension of a writer's meaning. Get the vision fixed quite firmly; it is not a mere ornament, but a hook on which you are going, presently, to hang a weight, perhaps a heavy one.

We have supposed the stick lying flat on the surface of the water. As long as it does so, it represents a consciousness lying wholly in the present time.

Doctors and other teachers sometimes tell us very glibly that sanity and health, and all that deserves to be called "normal," consist in being "adapted to one's environment"; all which is not so they call "abnormal." This mode of speaking is capable of being interpreted in two senses. As usually understood, it is very false, misleading the utterers even more than the hearers —as indeed slip-shod phrases of doubtful meaning usually do.

Let us look at our mind-picture of the floating stick.

As long as it lies horizontal it represents what we may call the *commonplace* condition of the consciousness, which is what some people really mean when they use such words as "sanity" and "health."

The most commonplace consciousness wabbles slightly up and down at times; so that one end dips a little way back, or down, into the Past, and the other a little way forward, or up, into the Future.

But there are other conditions of consciousness besides the commonplace ones:—genius, asceticism, insanity, idiocy, criminal tendency, melancholy, suicidal mania, all that is eccentric, abnormal, or out of line with the commonplace average proceedings of the age in which the individual lives. All of these can be represented by a more serious tilting of the stick; or by its being bent, or half broken, so that both ends dip at once into the Past, or one half may dip into the Past and the other still be in the Present.

What does all this prove? Nothing whatever. What is it leading up to? I do not know. What is the use of it all? That all depends on the use which you may choose to make of it. I have provided the entrance-hall of your house of thought with a rack, such as my experience has shown me is of convenient form for arranging things on. At present, our business is to see that the rack is in proper order and well fixed up. Exercise your imagination at your leisure, in picturing—or, as it is sometimes called, *visualising*—the floating stick. Shut your eyes and *see* it—first in one condition, then another. See it stiff and straight, then bent; then half broken. Picture it always with its labels on: at one end "Emotion and Sensation," at the other "Action and Influence." Picture it, first with one end dipping down, then the other; then bent so that both ends dip; with the emotion end floating, then the other end. Go on with this exercise till the slightest exertion of your will suffices to put clearly before your mental vision a picture of the stick in any condition or position that you think of.

Now, the problem of forging Passion into Power is

that of changing any position of the stick which represents a condition of the consciousness that is not commonplace and that is undesirable, into some position which represents a desirable one. Which positions represent undesirable states and which desirable ones, we shall see as we go on. For the present, the business on hand is to familiarise your imagination with the stick in all its possible positions.

CHAPTER III

ECONOMY OF FORCE

SURELY the secret of Moral Agriculture is to hitch one's Plough to the Great Pulsator and *make manure of the devil.*

There is no cure for the world's evils except linking them together in suitably assorted pairs, in such-wise that they neutralise the evilness of each other.

There can be no adequate supply of heat-force till we convert into heat the great devastating meteorological forces.

There will be no stop to the supply of criminal classes till the brutal and rowdy type of hooligan is trained as magnetic healer to the over-sensitive, over-intellectual, over-conscientious, over-refined type of man and woman.

There will be no stopping the spread of insanity till different types of abnormal neurosis act as magnetic healers to each other.

There can be no sound scheme of education till we know how to assort children in pairs and link them so that they give each other a strong impetus towards some desirable end.

There is no real solution of the sanitation problem or the food-supply problem till we devise good systems of sewage-farming and of earth-to-earth burial. I am glad

to take this opportunity of stating my conviction that cremation and burying under stone are polar mistakes. Cremation may be necessary in cases of zymotic disease until we have devised something better. But I feel convinced that the scientific solution is that every carcase of man and beast shall be buried underground and a fruit-tree planted over it. The superstition against eating fruit grown on the dead bodies of one's friends is a good specimen of the wasteful and distracting kind of idolatry which keeps the world in bondage. What are fruit-trees for, if not to forge and transform cannibalistic selfishness into sacramental joy? While we eat meat, we are obliged to cut the lives of creatures short, because those which die a natural death are unsuitable for food. But fruit lives on that which has died at its own time.

CHAPTER IV

DESTRUCTIVE MANIA

WE are going to think to-day about a Passion which is neither innocent nor quiet. It is known by many names. It occurs in nearly all small children, and is then called "love of mischief." In boys between the ages of seven and twelve it is called either "cruelty and spite" or "fine manly spirit," according to the religious and moral point of view of the speaker.

In quite commonplace persons it begins at about twelve years old to die down or be absorbed, recurring afterwards only in occasional gentle oscillations. When one of these mild fits comes on, the individual, if wealthy, takes a few days or weeks of shooting at birds or beasts reared on purpose. If poor, he flings stones at sparrows, or goes rat-hunting; or teases his mother or sister; or punches the head of his little brother. But in individuals who are more "out of the common" the dip of the stick is deeper and more serious.

If one of these larger oscillations seizes a Malay, he is said to "run amok" and is hanged by the English. In a regiment of English soldiers, it is called "martial ardour," and rewarded with medals and public receptions. If it seizes a wealthy Englishman, he provides himself with elaborate killing apparatus and goes off to shoot

big game, and is called an "adventurous spirit." If it seizes a band of hobbledehoys of the so-called "working class," they come in collision with the police and the orderliness of the town, and are called hooligans. If it comes with special violence to an adult, he makes a murderous assault on somebody, and the passion is described in the newspapers either as vile and brutal violence, or as homicidal mania, according to the taste and fancy of the doctors who give evidence at his trial. In the former case he is hanged; in the latter he is confined at Broadmoor "during his Majesty's pleasure." And there, to all outward seeming, is an end of his influence on society.

(You and I, friends, know very well that there is not an end of his influence. What is the good of pretending to believe that which we know is not true? You in the condemned cell know very well that the world will be, in some respects, different hereafter, according to whether you do or do not pull yourself together and think clearly during the few days you still have to live on earth.)

All the above-mentioned names denote conditions not indeed exactly similar. They differ as the same note differs when played on violin, pianoforte, trumpet or flute. The differences are due to overtones, or colour-tones. The relation between them concerns those whose business it is to orchestrate, or organise, that complex symphony known as human society. Let us hope they understand the delicate intricacies of their work. For us, the business on hand is simpler; we have to find out what our note itself is by the help of a simple tuning-fork.

36 The Forging of Passion into Power

What is the impulse to kill, to hurt, to destroy?

For countless generations the existence of any tribe depended on all the male members of it (at least) hunting habitually. To kill was the primary duty; the penalty for neglecting it was:—starvation for oneself and one's wife and children, as well as more or less of injury to one's tribe.

Try to make a mind-picture of this state of things. One's livelihood depended on being able to kill, and skilful at killing. The man who disliked that business was an object of contempt. He who was slack or indifferent about it was an idler, a fool. All respectability, fame, honour and glory centred round extra cleverness in, and love of, killing creatures.

Just think of it! The man who could see a rabbit or pheasant without trying to kill it took the same rank in the estimation of his neighbours as does now the vagabond loafer who leaves his family to starve or be supported by the parish.

Then there arose quarrels between different tribes of men. The safety of one's wife and children, as well as one's duty to one's tribe, depended on one's being skilful in killing, and willing to kill, men. The man who could see a member of an alien tribe without trying to hurt him was regarded as we now regard the mother who is slack in ridding her children of vermin, or in disinfecting after an invasion of fever-microbes.

There were, in those days, neither butchers nor standing army; to kill was the duty of every male, and of many females as well, for countless generations.

And we have to remember that the finer and more perfect the specimen, whether of rival or of prey, the

more emphatically it became the duty of the good man to exterminate it. Traces of this principle linger here and there in various strange little freaks of sensuous pleasure which students of sensation have noticed. We all do homage to it when we try and make our dinner tables "look attractive." We profess to be shocked at the ruffian who is prompted by the beauty of a picture to poke his stick through the canvas; but we all expect our lady guests to be stimulated by the beauty of our peach to stick teeth into it, by the decorative skill of our cook to demolish her works of art. This is the mild form, suited to our present state of civilisation, of the impulse which makes a certain kind of person poke holes in pictures, scribble in valuable books in public libraries, and chip bits off beautiful statues and historic buildings.

What we have to do is to register and fix in our minds the idea that every time the mistress of a house sanctions her table and the food on it being made to look beautiful, she is recognising in her family and guests the existence of that same instinct which, in some of its manifestations, we call ruffianly brutality; the instinct, namely, which causes the presence of what we feel to be beautiful, *i.e.* the finished product of nature's evolution or man's toil, to act as a stimulus to the desire to crush and to destroy. In the case of the peach, the ancient instinct necessary for the self-preservation of the tribe has been transmuted into an artistic refinement which tends towards the higher education of the race; in the case of the iconoclast, into a form unsuited to the present conditions of society, and antagonistic to its higher evolution.

Time has gone on and things have changed. It is no

longer everyone's duty to kill. And the consciousness of some people floats on that surface which we call the Present, or only slightly wabbles away from that surface. They know nothing of the Past except from reading books—books mostly written at the present time, imbued with the feeling of the Present. Or if the book is old these people do not understand it, for their own consciousness supplies no clue to its meaning.

But there are some whose very flesh, their muscles, nerves, brain-tissue, are saturated with the instinct of fidelity to the Past. They understand!

We have one instance of this fleshly fidelity to the Past in the existence of what are called dowsers. For many generations, there being no books, all scientific principles were taught by object-lessons. A large number of these lessons were connected with rituals carried on by means of freshly-cut branches or wands, which were moved about in various positions. A main subject of science, a main motive for study, were supplied by the need for finding water or metallic ores. Most things in Nature give off some effluvium or force peculiar to themselves; and these forces affect us, often without our knowing it. And there are still people, sometimes whole families, whose arms begin to tingle when they touch fresh-cut branches of certain trees; and whose fingers twitch if, while holding the branch, they pass over water or a vein of metal. The dowser is one in whom fidelity to what was the sacred duty of his ancestors is embedded in nerve and muscle; he has a *fleshly lust* to repeat their ceremony. The word "lust," we must remember, means "list," *desire*, impulse. Whenever we wish to do anything, not for any reason, but

only because we "like" to do it, find it agreeable, we are gratifying a *lust*. If our nerves and muscles desire to do the thing, it is a fleshly lust. Much confusion has been caused by using the words "fleshly lust" only in a bad sense. The dowser has a fleshly lust to twitch his stick when he passes over water. At the touch of the water's subtle effluvium the sensation end of his consciousness takes a plunge back into the Past. When I touch a dowsing rod my consciousness takes a plunge into the Past. I have never tried to find water; but I feel the tingle in my arms; and the stick has often helped me to see ancient mathematicians and other wizards at their work. Much of the best of my published work on mathematical teaching has been done by the "accidental" stimulus of touching a divining or dowsing rod.

I have had homicidal impulse at the touch of other stimuli. When I was quite young, I used to speculate on the problem why I did not try to kill someone who worried me. It was not love of my parents that hindered me; in those moods I was incapable of love. It was not fear of consequences; in those moods I was incapable of fear. It was not regard for God; I considered that God made me as I was and could not reasonably be angry with anything I did. It was—I always came back to the same conclusion—it was that I thought that if I killed anyone the police or the hangman or someone would stop my working for algebra. Besides, I felt that all stormy passions in themselves interfered between me and algebra. Hate and revengefulness, as well as love and fear, vanished, like burned paper, when they threatened to interfere between me and algebra.

That means, as I now know, that some wizard ancestor of mine had stronger hold on my brain-tissue than the ancestors whose business was killing people.

You, my friend in the condemned cell, were in different case from me; perhaps you had no mathematical ancestor; or, if you had, his hold on you was weak.

But surely there is no crime and no disgrace in having had a preponderance of ancestors who did their duty in protecting and feeding their families instead of mooning over pencils and compasses.

What, then, was your crime? That no one showed you how to forge your Passion of ancestral impulse into Power to do something useful for the Present or the Future. No one showed you how. But that negative fact is the crime of collective Humanity, not that of any individual. You and I will do our best to redeem it, by showing someone else how.

Eugène Sue has done something in that direction, by asserting that the man who has fits of "homicidal mania" (*i.e.* impulse to kill folks) ought to be trained as a butcher.

Feather-headed people who look only on the surface of things will say that butchers who like to kill must be brutes. People who do what they like, when they like, as they like, and *only* because they like, do, it is true, become not really honest brutes, but something which it is an insult to a decent wild beast to compare it with. But those who are *trained* to do only what they dislike become machines. Those who are trained to do what they *like*, when they ought, and because they ought, become artists. The man who dislikes killing things,

if he becomes a butcher for convenience, or from a mistaken sense of duty, thinks as little as may be of his trade; works carelessly; perhaps drowns thought in drink or dissipation; kills badly; inflicts suffering. But the man who loves to kill owing to latent ancestral passion for *serving* the community by killing can be trained to fix his whole mind on the business of killing in the manner which the best sense of the community decrees to be the best.

Eugène Sue's suggestion, therefore, is not quite as wild as it seems to some people.

It will be well, just here, to shut your eyes and meditate for a few moments on the floating stick.

Crooked or broken sticks can dip one end down into the Past, while the other floats in the Present. Or both ends may hang down into the Past. But a straight, firm stick cannot dip one end into the Past without the other rising into the Future. And its rise into the Future will be exactly proportional to its dip into the Past.

What does this prove? Nothing, I repeat; nothing. I am not proving theories, but furnishing your imagination with instruments for the organising of thought material.

CHAPTER V

SUICIDAL MANIA

IN the north of Europe and of Asia (and probably also in other parts of the world) there used to prevail an idea that it was cowardly and selfish to lay on one's tribe the burden of one's support after one could no longer serve it by hunting or in war. Everyone who survived till old age was bound to kill himself or be put to death by his friends. The imagination of all young persons, for many generations, was filled with the idea of suicide as both a duty and an inevitable fate. What wonder, then, that in some families a sudden fit of reversion to ancestral type produces an impulse towards suicide?

It was also desirable to prevent the tribe from being burdened with the weakly. Infanticide (as a preferable alternative to the desertion and exposure of the weakly young) thus became the duty of many parents; of many for whom, owing to the strength of their parental affection, infanticide partook far more of the character of a higher kind of suicide than of anything which can legitimately be called homicide. The killing of a weakly child is now a crime. The impulse towards killing a beloved infant is (rightly) now considered a symptom of in-sanity, *i.e.* a not healthy form of reversion; not

rational action, but the "fleshly lust" (reversion to former duty).

The force stored up in ancestral infanticidal impulse needs guiding towards present uses.

The guiding of it has been made difficult, owing to the fact that popular feeling in the matter has been distorted by ministers of varying religions: distorted, indeed, in three ways. When the community requires from the individual any painful sacrifice, the feelings of the person called on to make it are soothed and narcotised by an appeal to the religious emotions. Cutting one's own throat because one is old is called "cutting Runes to Odin"; infanticide is called "giving one's baby back to the tribal god." This, of itself, while consoling to the immediate sufferer, tends to deepen the tendency to repeat the same action. But, besides this, priests, from a spirit of routine, continue to claim the accustomed sacrifice to the gods, after the well-being of the tribe no longer requires it; this, by unnecessarily prolonging the custom, gives to the atavistic impulse an extra strong hold on posterity.

At last, the incongruity between the conscience of the tribe and the priestly code of ethics becomes too glaring to be any longer tolerated; the strain reaches a breaking point; a revolution or movement of reform takes place, and a fresh set of priests are appointed, willing to preach, as duty to the gods, whatever customs suit the present condition of the tribal conscience. But these new priests are not content to enjoin the new code of duty, and explain that the old is now out of date; they talk of the former duties as "sins," and treat the "fleshly" impulse to revert to those duties as a proof of

man's "fallen" and "corrupt" nature. They even go the length of asserting that the gods who enjoined the sacrifice when it was a real tribal duty necessary for the very existence of the community were not true gods but "devils." They thus blur the lines of historic feeling and confuse the consciousness of the new generation, making physical fidelity to ancestral type a disgrace instead of a glory.

It is a matter of historic fact that, though martyrdom and the fact of being for a time despised and rejected may ennoble an individual, yet whatever is chronically thrust into darkness tends to take on de-graded and distorted forms. If the atavistic consciousness is habitually despised it becomes degraded; distorted consciousness involves distorted nerve and brain conditions, and converts what was a mere harmless reposeful plunge into the Past into some non-natural and possibly novel mode of truly vicious action. All real vices and non-natural lusts are generated by this moral perversion. Honour thine Ancestral Past that thine own days may be long and healthy. Instead of despising our ancestral modes of life, we should revert to them, whenever possible, in all ways not harmful in the Present. Do not children stand the strain of the modern school-life all the better for spending vacations camping out of doors, picnicking in woods, and climbing trees, like their savage ancestors?

The first step towards the eradication from our people of the suicidal and infanticidal manias should be the instituting of religious services in honour of those who, in the past, killed themselves or their offspring for the good of the tribe. This would serve to arrest the

tendency to act on mere nervous impulse, because it would deepen the sense that one's life and those of one's children are not one's own, to deal with according to one's fleshly impulses, but the property of the community, to be held in trust for it, and disposed of only in accordance with its real needs.

CHAPTER VI

MORALITY AND ART

JAMES HINTON gave the title "The Art of Thinking" to one of his essays. The words were chosen deliberately and with the intention of their being taken in the full sense of their literal meaning, the *artistic* use of thought. To arrive at a full sense of what this implies, we must come to an understanding as to what is meant by the word Art.

The cultivation of any physical sense passes through three principal stages or modes of use. There is, first, discrimination evoked in response to some necessity for self-protection. A keen power of discriminating among colours, or shapes, or sounds, helps an animal or a savage man in finding his prey, or in escaping his foes. But when a discrimination sense has reached a certain pitch of congenital power, the mere exercise of it begins to be in itself a pleasure, and almost a necessity of health. The infant delights in mere noise, in the mere exercise of its faculty of distinguishing one sound from another. So it is with shapes and colours; the mere exercise of the sense faculty is a delight, quite apart from any question of safety or advantage to be gained by skill. Absence of things to look at is an actual privation.

Finally, it begins to be perceived that certain *combinations* of colour or form or sound are more pleasing to the sense than others. When this point is reached, *art* is born.

Two conditions must exist before a mode of training has a right to call itself art-training. The first is that it shall cultivate the power of *combining* impressions received as separate. Art-training must, it is true, cultivate the power of discrimination also, and to a very high degree; but the discrimination must ultimately serve the purpose of combination, or there is no art. An insect might feel the note D flat beautiful, because that is the pitch of its mate's voice, and, when the scale is played on a violin, may discriminate very keenly between D flat, the beautiful, and D natural, hideous to its instincts because sung by the bird which devours its tribe; but this is not art. The musician also discriminates between D natural and D flat, but he knows nothing of one of these being preferable to another; his business with each of them, in his capacity of sound-artist, is to judge under what conditions they shall be combined (either in a chord or in sequence) with each other and with other notes. The tester, who detects the presence of foul gas in a tin of preserved meat by a slight tap on the cover, must have his power of auditory distinction cultivated to a high pitch, but he selects the one sound as "good" and the other as "evil"; in this there is no attempt at combination, therefore no art.

The second condition which characterises art-training proper is that each combination shall be made in obedience to the dictates of the art-instinct itself, unwarped by any other considerations. This point needs a little

clearing up. The amount and kind of elements among which combinations are to be effected may be limited to any degree, by all sorts of considerations, beforehand; but, the limits once decided on, the act of choice, within those limits, must be pure and undisturbed, or it is not an act of art. The workman who goes with fivepence to a village shop where there are two tins of Aspinall's enamel, and who chooses the green rather than the blue to make a pattern on his red door, because he likes it better, does an act of art; within narrow restrictions, but still, art. Nay, the man who, having no money to spare, finds a half-empty tin of enamel thrown away, and brings it home, and decides either to put a rim of the green paint on his door because "it do zim to I as it 'ud look purty," or to leave the door plain because "when I did zee that there green atween the door and the ivy, I didn't zim to fancy it," has, in either case, done an act of art; he has selected, among his limited stock of possibilities, a certain combination rather than another, because the one suited his art-sense (at its present level of culture) better than the other. But the person who, with boundless resources at command, is swayed, at the moment of choice, by any other consideration than "it do zim to I," is not doing an art-act. All this has nothing to do with any question of selfishness or the reverse. The man may be ornamenting the cottage for his own pleasure only, or for that of the wife with whom he hopes to enjoy it, or as a parting gift to his sister before he leaves home never to return. The point is this:—Whatever be his motive for decorating, if he selects his decoration *as the actual shades strike his eye when seen in combination*, he is exercising his art-

faculty; whereas no choice of colour is an exercise of colour-art if it be swayed by any other considerations than the laws of the eye itself. And it matters little whether the motive be: "I'll wear a green ribbon because green is the patriotic colour just now," or "This combination is considered correct just now," or "The Duchess of Somewhere wore this at the last Court ball"; in either case some consideration other than the pleasure of the chooser's eye determines the choice; and therefore there is (so far as the eye is concerned) no art. Art-faculty exerts itself in subjection to no laws except those of the choosing organ, whatever that may be.

The organ develops first as a mere discriminating organ, under pressure of the action of other organisms. But when fully established as a discriminating organ, it then sets up its own code of laws. When an organ selects and combines in obedience to its own laws only, we call its action "art." When such writers as Ruskin and Hobson make their passionate claim for some opportunity for *art-culture* on behalf of the masses, what they primarily mean is that there should be no class of the community living under such conditions that each organ and faculty is exerted only according to laws belonging to some other department of life; there should come into the life of every citizen opportunities for exercising his faculties, *each according to its own laws.*

The horror of association felt by a weak tribe for the war-paint or war-cry of a fiercer neighbour tribe, the disgusted contempt of a dominant caste for the colour of the pariah's badge—these are factors in evoking the keen discrimination which is the first essential of art-culture. But when once the artist has come, we must

expect from him no deference to prejudices of association; he has one function only in connection with the hateful tint or note, viz., to combine it with other tints or notes in such a manner as to cause men to realise that it adds to the beauty of the whole. This point we must remember if we are to attach any adequate meaning to the expression "Art of Thinking." The Art of Thinking is that mode of dealing with thoughts which is related to our mental faculties of discrimination as the form and colour arts are to our powers of form and colour discrimination, as the art of musical composition is to the faculty of distinguishing between different notes. It is the art of combining thoughts, not in subservience to any external need or law, but in accordance with the laws of the Thinking-organ itself.

The *Science* which underlies the Art of Thought-combination is called Mathematics. Mathematics stands related to the Art of Thinking somewhat as the science of harmony and counterpoint does to the art of music.

It so happens that the laws of thought-combination were first discovered when men were trying to think truly about number, quantity, and size; and for that reason a great many persons assert that mathematics is the science of number, size, and quantity. This assertion is pure nonsense.

Persons who have outgrown the delusion about mathematics being the science of number and size, speak of it as a sort of "Logic." This is a little nearer the mark, but only a little. Logic *can* become mathematical, and, as Gratry said, when it does so it acquires wings, whereas before it had only feet.

It seems to me a pity that children should, in most

cases, know nothing of mathematics except as related to ideas of number and size. Any parents who may wish to do so can make, of such arithmetic, algebra, and geometry as are taught in schools, a genuine introduction to the Art of Thinking. This can be done without adding to the child's intellectual labour, by occasional little half-jesting remarks at home.[1]

We cannot evolve any art of combinations, harmonies, and sequences, till we are provided with a multiform, strong, and accurate sense of discrimination between the elements to be combined. Nature's way of providing us with the necessary discrimination is first to make personal or tribal safety depend on that discrimination, on seeking one thing and avoiding its opposite; next, to set up an hereditary instinct to feel as "good" that which our ancestors found by experience to be good, and as "evil" what experience taught them to avoid. The instinct to avoid certain things because they are "evil" is the necessary preliminary to any development of art.

But the Art-Creator, when he appears on the scene, begins by sweeping the verdicts of experience and of instinct into the limbo of forgotten superstitions, not because art is lawless, but because it has laws of its own, and tolerates no other legislator. Till it may be master of the situation, it (art) stays away.

Now we are going to fit our House of Thought with a new implement of orderliness.

The leaders of a tribe have been trying their conscientious best, for countless generations, to foster in the young a habit, an instinct, when they hear a certain

[1] My text-book, *Philosophy and Fun of Algebra*, contains a suggestion of such domestic jokes.

note, to scamper instantly towards it because it is the cry of some animal which ought to be caught for food, and, when they hear a certain other note, to scuttle away and hide, because it is the cry of some beast of prey too powerful for them to cope with.

A Jubal appears among the tribe, an inventor of music; he has got hold of some sort of gut or fibre which will twang a variety of notes. The children stand round him, inquisitive, wondering, half-frightened yet spell-bound. What is he doing? Demoralising them. Blurring the lines of distinction between "good and evil." Destroying, bringing to naught, the work of ages.

Can you conceive the wrath of the Leaders?

Yet thus, and thus alone, can any art be born into the world; at that cost, and no lesser one, does art exist.

And observe that the precursor of music is not even making music; he is only making senseless noise. He is sweeping away the laws of tribal ethics; and he is not keeping even those of counterpoint, for they are not yet evolved.

Between the Law-Abiders and the Art-Creator there must always come "The Law-Breaker." If the note of the awful beast of prey is ever beautiful, it is so, even on art's own showing, only when put in certain specifically right relations to other sounds; and the criminal lunatic Jubal is not putting it in right relations at all; he is no good anyway; Anathema; away with him; crucify him!

And indeed, though art cannot be born unless someone has courage to break the laws of tribal self-preservation, neither can music be born in a chaotic confusion of disorderly noises. It will not do for

everyone to twang guts and ignore tribal duty. The Law-breaker, therefore, must not demoralise the tribe; until at least he knows how to teach them a higher Law. He must be isolated from his kind; he will be during his earth-life The Misunderstood One; the Eternal Scape-goat, who bears the sins of the world; "outside the camp, though inside the veil." If he is the true destined Revealer he will not think the price too high to pay for this privilege. If he is not that, then isolation is the best thing for him; it gives him the opportunity to meditate on the folly of meddling in dangerous experiments without sufficient warrant or preparation.

Latent heat and potential light are stored up during the composition of a body; sensible heat and visible light are given off during decomposition.

True economy consists in not disturbing the storage, except under conditions which facilitate the force given off in decomposition passing into the composition of a body of higher evolution.

But there are people who think that it is always a good thing to set light free, regardless of the question whether anything of higher evolution than the candle will profit by it; and there are people who think that it is always economical to abstain from lighting a candle, no matter who, and what, needs the light.

The Bases of Morality for the Law-Breaker

The game of skittles is more interesting when played with a trained hand and eye than when played at random.

54 The Forging of Passion into Power

If life is to be all beer and skittles it is advisable not to put the beer-bottles among the skittles, at least until after we have drunk the beer.

Only a cockney cares for shooting barn-door fowls.

Only a cad poaches on his neighbour's preserves as long as he has woods of his own. (The excuse for the village poacher is that society has robbed him of his woods.)

The true gentleman likes shooting dangerous wild beasts better than shooting pheasants, even if they are his own.

Ethics is a fence put up to protect our neighbour's barnyard.

CHAPTER VII

SEX INSTINCTS

FROM the dawn of organic life on this planet up to the appearance of civilised man, every race of organisms was forced to provide food for creatures not of the same race. Each race was therefore bound, under penalty of extinction, to propagate in great excess of the amount required to maintain its own numbers.

Pause for a moment and think. For countless ages, the whole evolution of everything depended upon everybody putting into the world a thousand times as many fertilised eggs as ever were intended to come to maturity. Everyone's duty was to give to some other race, as food, a thousand eggs or babies for one that was to be reared. Slowly, very slowly, there has crept in an idea, imperfectly carried out even yet, of protecting the young, of not allowing other races to feed on one's babies. Man has cleared off, at least from all the main centres of civilisation, all of the larger races (lions, tigers, wolves, etc.) which show any desire to eat the flesh of human babies; but we have not even yet accomplished the extinction of the parasites and microbes who devour human flesh. So that even still over-propagation is to some slight extent the duty of some people. That is to say, propagation somewhat in excess

of what would be normal if everyone lived to die of old age.

For all our ancestors, from the first organic creature up to a few generations ago, an amount of propagating activity which would necessarily be highly inconvenient at the present time was a solemn duty. I am using the words "solemn" and "duty" advisedly. Duty is that which is due, and everything is solemn which tends towards the organising of a higher organism. It does not follow that the individual felt solemn or was conscious of his duties. For all practical and psychological purposes an enormous amount of over-propagation was a solemn duty to our ancestors. It is so to rabbits and wild birds still. For us it is no longer a duty. But the impulse remains in the shape of a fleshly lust. What are we going to do with it?

The first thing to do with it is to treat it always in thought and word with the utmost reverence which it is in our nature to feel for anything.

What have we done with it?

We have made of it the subject of irreverent jesting and of far more irreverent moralising.

Can one conceive of anything more hideously and grotesquely irreverent than the attitude of a priest who celebrates the Eucharist after prefacing it by a sermon in which he denounces, as the inspiration of the devil, that very condition in man to which, as it exists in the wheat and vine plants, he owes the possibility of having his bread and wine to consecrate?

Normal sex-action is fertile contact between suitably differentiated polars. This may take place either in the generative organs or in the brain.

When we sing the invocation "Veni, Creator," we invite Adonaï to make fertile this contact of polars. When this happens in the organs of generation we call it fecundation; when it happens in the brain we call it inspiration (artistic, poetic, prophetic, or spiritual inspiration, as the case may be).

The problem with which Humanity is confronted is that of diverting the atavistic excess of desire for contact of polars from the physically fertilisable organs to that spiritually fertilisable organ which we call "brain," and so to increase the genius of the race while keeping its numbers down to manageable proportions. The difficulty of the problem has been enormously complicated by the action of moralists.

Nowhere is the action of moralists in increasing immorality so clearly to be seen as in connection with the sex impulse; and it is therefore in this chapter that I propose to describe it.

Probably no human being, possibly no mammal or bird, has ever experienced sex-action for the first time without at least a momentary impression of the Presence of something so sacred that all else which is held sacred is to this new impression as shadow is to substance. If this momentary Revelation of Sacredness comes to a virgin mind cumbered with no previous ideas, it runs smoothly along the course of its normal evolution to its normal goal:—a quickening of the power of sympathy and a development of the power of altruism. The individual is then free to decide whether, when, and under what conditions, he shall repeat the act, according to his circumstances and to such knowledge as he possesses, guided by the additional sympathy and

altruism left behind by the act itself. He will take his own liking only as one of many factors which have to be taken into account in deciding his course of action:—as we all do in the case of a liking for peaches, or a desire to enjoy music or pictures.

But if the sudden sense of sacredness comes into conflict with some preconceived idea of degradation, evil, or triviality, in the sexual act, the effect is somewhat like that of a collision between two trains running in opposite directions. Wreckage of something or other is certain to occur; and the answer to the question what shall escape from that wreckage is a matter of what we call "accident," by which we mean that it depends on causes over which we have no control.

Consciously or unconsciously, the man is confronted with the questions:—"If *that* was not sacred, then what else can be so? If *that* Presence was the devil, then what is the use of God?" Even if his conscious thought does not ask those questions, his flesh and blood and marrow and unconscious mind ask them, and insist on their being answered.

The following are some of the answers given in the wreck of body and mind:—

1. God is in Nature, and whatever is natural is holy. The individual seeks the opposite sex as freely as a wild animal does; forgetting that the proceedings of wild animals are consonant to the true order of Nature only where there is abundant room for healthy children to roam about in and plenty of carnivorous birds and beasts to rid society of sickly and superfluous ones. The original nerve-wreckage is helped into intellectual confusion by the double sense of the word "natural"; it is

used sometimes as meaning that which we feel impelled to do because the doing of it was, for our ancestors, consonant to the true order of evolution at their level of progress, sometimes as meaning consonant to the true order of evolution for our stage of progress. People mistakenly suppose that what is natural in the former sense is necessarily so in the latter.

2. Some persons "return to nature" in a different way from that just described. They deliberately turn their backs on temptation, live in the country and almost in isolation; tire themselves with manual labour; adopt a poor diet; and avoid the society of the opposite sex, and everything which can stimulate receptivity to Adonaï, the fertiliser at either pole of their nerve-battery. They think that they "find God in Nature," because they use their senses on observing His work outside of themselves. They watch the effect of fertilisation on non-human creatures, as a substitute for becoming fertile themselves.

3. Some come to the conclusion that there is neither God nor devil; nor anything but illusion. They cynically decide to make a constant amusement of the sensations which indicate the touch of that Adonaï-Adonis, whom all normal instinct hails as God, but whom moralists proclaim to be the devil.

4. Sometimes the bewildered conscience fluctuates backwards and forwards, alternately yielding to the overwhelming inspiration of the "Adonaï," and then calling Him "devil" in a fit of "repentance."

5. Sometimes the individual gives up the attempt to find his way himself amid the illogical tangle, and hands over the business of guiding him to some priest, pastor, moralist, or "salvationist," not unfrequently the very

same who originally did the mischief. This, of course, is the consummation most desired by the moralising gentry, who take occasion to magnify their office.

6. Sometimes the very physical nervous structure of the man, or of his posterity, is wrecked, and sets up for itself a variety of anomalous sensations, desires, and lusts, such as no wild beast could conceive the nature of. Whereupon moralists take the opportunity to point a moral about the fallen and corrupt nature of man. Now, whoever else may have the right to indulge in lamentations about the fallen and corrupt nature of a wrecked railway train, it is evident that those who put in its way the obstacle which caused the disaster can have no such right. Moralists and teachers of religion have not sufficiently taken to heart the great truth that whatever organ of the body is thought of while the religious emotions are active tends to become turgid and excitable. They seize upon children at the critical age, and preach sexual abstinence as a *religious* duty; with the inevitable consequence of making it, in many cases, an overwhelmingly difficult one. They should leave that topic entirely in the hands of unemotional medical advisers, and reserve religious emotion—if they must stir it at all—as a stimulus for the faculties which it is desirable to stimulate into action.[1] No such thing as

[1] The above applies to religious *emotions*, such as are roused by thinking about the Passion and Crucifixion of Christ, the sorrows of the Madonna, and the ecstatic utterances of saints. All such topics may seem to give self-control for a time, but are prone to leave dangerous reactions unless the force generated is immediately carried off in some active work. They are therefore most safely employed as stimulus to beneficence and the doing of duties. The

a sound system of education can be evolved till it is accepted that receptivity of Adonaï the Fertiliser is the inalienable birthright of all creatures; it is the glory and privilege of Man to direct, at any given time, at which pole of his nerve-battery Adonaï shall descend.

Ants and bees have contrived a scheme of morality in which large numbers of the community are kept physically infertile, apparently without evolving any compensating receptivity for fresh intellectual inspiration. All the industry, the altruism, and the magnificent organisation of these highly civilised peoples have not prevented arrestation of development and of progress. Nor do they succeed in preventing us—barbarians as we are compared with them—from appropriating to our own use the results of the bees' toil, robbing ant nurseries to feed our tame fish, and scalding out the ants in millions whenever we find them inconvenient to ourselves. The message of these arrested civilisations to ours is:—Beware of irreverence to Adonaï the Fertiliser; for He will not let them pass guiltless who slight Him or blaspheme His Holy Name.

Now, young mother, I know what you want to ask. What are you to say to your boy "before he goes to school"? It is not my business, as I remarked before, to form conclusions for you, or to dictate what you shall say or do; I am trying to help you to learn the Art of Thinking for yourself. There are two or three obvious truths which it would be well to get soaked into your own mind before the child is old enough to

same caution does not apply to calm religio-philosophical absorption in the thought of the Infinite Unseen.

talk, and two or three mental habits which he had better form before he goes out into the world of school.

For yourself, take notice that the two more important faculties, that of thought and that of generation, are slowly passing through the same process of evolution which the faculties of sight and hearing have already passed through. Having been evolved, under pressure of the struggle for life, as implements of racial preservation, they are being gradually transformed into instruments of creative art and channels of spiritual inspiration. Read over again the last chapter and apply it to the art of generating progeny. Learn what you can about Nature's wide variety in the matter of marriage customs.[1] This will help you to clear your mind of insular and narrow ideas.

For your child, accustom him, from infancy, to realise consciously the sacredness of order and sequence. Bring it home to his consciousness that people are not trusted to walk down stairs till they have shown that they can walk steadily on the floor; that one is not trusted to handle costly and delicate objects till one knows how to handle common ones carefully; that one is not allowed to experiment with dangerous explosives or poisons till one has shown oneself capable of dealing properly with the more harmless kinds of chemicals.

Let him see what an ugly, miserable thing is a flower whose protecting sheath has been torn away before the proper time.

[1] Grant Allen's *Story of the Plants* is a simple, cheap, useful little book, and contains a large quantity of information on the subject.

Accustom him to the idea that Church is a great Drama, in which all are actors and nobody a mere audience; and that the silence, solemnity, and orderliness enforced there are rehearsals intended to get people into the right habit and attitude in which to approach the really sacred facts of Life.

Then "before he goes to school" tell him that the organs by means of which children are made are the most delicate and the most sacred things with which we have to do; that he may ask you any questions he likes about them, and you will answer him if you can; but that till he is quite grown up he must not experiment with them; and had better not listen to the talk of children who know nothing of order and sequence.

When he asks questions, answer him according to the best of your own judgment at the time. He is your child, not mine; I cannot tell exactly what ought to be said to him.

If you are under the delusion that you, or I, or anyone else knows now what opinions the best and purest people will be holding, or what line of action they will be taking, in sex matters, in twenty years from now, pray occupy some of your thinking-time in shaking yourself free from it.

But if anything can be said to be clear and certain on the sex-question, it is that a person who is going to try extra-legal experiments should not entangle with his own life that of any woman who *would not have associated herself with him had she known it*, and especially he should not have children by such a woman. Therefore give your child the habit of understanding that a promise once made must be kept, even if the

keeping of it should prove more inconvenient than at first seemed likely; and that whoever is not prepared to keep a promise at all costs, should, at all costs, forego the convenience of making it.

There are whispers in the air of a great discovery in America about sex-action, which seems likely to revolutionise all our ideas on the subject. It has always been known to occultists that each form of worship of the concrete, from the purest Christian ecstasy to the most degraded fetish-worships, has its exact analogue in some form of sex-action, passion, or emotion. But modern occultists knew of no sex-analogue to the calm, unemotional, passionless absorption of soul and mind in adoration of The Non-conceivable Unity, which is the secret of the force of Israël. This missing link has now been recovered: the lost secret, apparently, of the higher and purer Mysteries of Egypt and the East. No one can form any conception of how this discovery may influence our whole conceptions of sex morality. The best that any mother can do now is to pray and strive that her child may grow up worthy to take a manly part in the revolution which is obviously preparing.

CHAPTER VIII

PROTECTIVE INSTINCTS

IT must by this time be evident that there are many of us for whom moralists and teachers of religion can do little that is really valuable to help us to forge passion into power. The most they can do or are willing to do for those I am addressing is to provide crutches for individuals whose legs they have broken.

And what about our advisers on the medical side?

The higher the grade of evolution of any creature, the greater the variety of dangers to which it is exposed. But also the greater the variety of its self-protecting instincts. Genius is exposed to many dangers from which the commonplace are free, but develops, when left to itself, instincts of self-protection which the commonplace neither possess nor need. Now almost every instinct developed by genius, for its own moral protection, is registered in medical books as a symptom of insanity. Consequently parents and teachers discourage young genius from guarding itself from deteriorating influences under the impression that the self-protecting precautions "look crazy." As James Hinton said, the reason the world is not saved is that the faculties which could save it are trampled, by the insincerity of our systems of education, into mad-houses, or gaols, or early

graves, or *worse.* The insincerity is for the most part not conscious or voluntary on the part of teachers: it is mainly due to the fact that they assume it to be their duty to trample down and exterminate precisely those instincts which ought to be most carefully cultivated. Muddle is made, not so much by what we say, or what we do, or what we consciously think, as by what we *take for granted.* Teachers take for granted that they ought to eliminate everything which it pleases the medical profession to catalogue under the heading :—"Symptoms of insanity." Things will begin to clear up when it is recognised that many kinds of insanity are *symptoms* of the mistaken confidence of parents and teachers in the wisdom of the medical profession. Things are beginning to mend, however, since the admission of women to that profession; women doctors started with a freer hand; they do not feel bound by the conventions of mediæval nonsense which have so long satisfied, and which now hamper, their brothers of the craft. But they can do little to help us unless we have courage to help ourselves and them. It is for us, the patients, "the dreamers, the derided, the mad, blind men who *see*," to take the matter into our own hands and decide that our instincts shall not be trampled into the mud by any theories of either doctors or priests.

When I was Librarian at Queen's College, two girls, devoted friends and constant companions, were reckoned by the authorities as among the best moral influences of the place. They have turned out remarkable women, gifted with high and pure moral instincts. When they were aged respectively sixteen and seventeen, they consulted me in a difficulty. They had discovered that

when they were together their conversation fell to a lower moral level than either would have carried on with anyone else. They had resolved to take themselves in hand and not to indulge any more in the foolish gossip of which they were ashamed. But, finding themselves relapsing into it, they had determined not to talk to each other for the future except on necessary college business. So much they had settled by the light of their own instincts of purity, without the aid of any human advice. They now wanted me to advise them how to prevent it getting about college that they had quarrelled. In this particular case I was able to afford the necessary shelter to the dear children; I invited them to read with me occasionally in my private apartment, and advised them to come up the main stairway on those occasions, together, in full view of other pupils.

But this was an evasion of the real difficulty, accidentally available in one particular case; not an actual moral solution. The real difficulty consists in the fact that persons possessing delicate instincts of moral self-protection cannot obey them, even in matters which concern only themselves and in ways which impose sacrifice only on themselves, without becoming the subjects of prurient curiosity to coarser natures. Parents and teachers too often discourage the sudden suspension of a friendship on the ground that such rupture is "freaky" and "*looks* queer." The cessation of intercourse is therefore postponed till real damage has been done. The nerve-stamina gives way; the moral nature deteriorates. Or perhaps the outraged instinct asserts itself in some violent and irrational manner, and there ensues a "quarrel" which appears to be about something

which is not the real cause of irritation, but only the excuse for the instinct to assert itself. It is driven to seek the excuse of a quarrel, because to avoid old friends without any such objective reason is held to be "a symptom of insanity."

In a lunatic asylum where I studied, I met a lady who called herself Frances Obrenovitch. Her simple courage and power of moral logic have lighted up for me the whole inferno of insanity with a radiance like the smile of the Sun-god. But for the present we are talking of protective instincts, and what Frances showed me on that subject. Frances took it into her head that I could, and ought to, make a career for myself in literature; and sometimes lectured me on my lack of ambition, which, she considered, was impeding my usefulness. She was, morally, far saner than I was; I always listened with respect to her gentle sermonising. She was obviously unfit to take charge of her money matters; but I felt a great desire to rescue her from incarceration, and proposed to try to get the Chancellor (she was a ward in Chancery and had no near relatives) to give the charge of her over to me. Frances took a "freak" or "mood," as it was called in the asylum, and abruptly cut my acquaintance. The patients began to comment on her bad treatment of me, who had been, as they said, so kind to her. The head attendant, seeing me watching her as she passed me in the corridors with a stony stare, kindly tried to apologise for Frances. "You must excuse her; it is her affliction, poor thing," etc., etc. I could have shaken the good woman, amiable as was her intention. On the last day of my visit, I went to Frances's recess to try whether she would relent

at parting and bid me good-bye. "I have something to say to you," she began in a hard, high-pitched voice. "You could make a career for yourself in literature if you chose. Go and do it, and don't waste your time over lunatics. That is my advice to you and my wish; but about that I can only advise. But what I have to say for myself is this:—If you will do as I advise, you may come and see me sometimes, and I will be proud of your friendship. But if you are going to waste your time over lunatics, I will be no party to it; for in that case I will never speak to you again."

Of course I promised to exert myself to do as she wished; and the smile with which she rewarded me was enough to make one keep any promise.

Her *freak*—of cutting her one sane friend, her one link with the outer world, her one possibility of emancipation from a life-long incarceration—was due to an impulse of moral self-protection; she would not speak to me till she had fought out the battle with herself, and conquered the temptation to save herself at the cost of my career.

Only once again did she take a "freak" of cutting me. She had by that time learned to trust me, and recovered herself sufficiently to come to an explanation in a very few hours.

There is a peculiar smile, the token of victory over Unseen Forces of Evil, which in modern Europe is seen chiefly in mad-houses. I am very sure that in Palestine of old it was often seen in "Schools of the Prophets," and, in the time of religious persecution, in the dungeons of the Inquisition. And this brings me to a critical question.

In Asia of old, children of a certain type, children born under certain peculiar circumstances, were brought up in a temple, or religious school. We read of what such children said:—*e.g.*, the infant Samuel. Hundreds of children say similar things in England now, say things quite as original-sounding and quite as beautiful. Most highly neurotic children are subject to thought-transference, and project into suggestive and often beautiful concrete forms the deepest thoughts of those under whose influence they live. The question we have to face is not, "How came children of old to say wise and beautiful things?" but "How comes it that children who said them grew up into wise statesmen or holy Prophets; while similar children now too often either make fiasco of their own lives, or degenerate into making a success of their own lives by wrecking other people's?"

In Schools of Prophets children were taught reverence for their own instincts, and the art of using them as moral self-protection. In modern European schools one of the chief duties of the teachers is to ensure that these instincts are trampled out of existence.

The general reader (should he, by mistake, glance at these pages) will probably exclaim: "But one *must* make one's children grow up like other people, in good form, able to take their place in the world, and to pass without comment in general society." But then, as I said at starting, I am writing, not for the general reader but for those who seriously desire to forge passion into power; to convert their own vague sense that things are not quite as they should be, into effective power to have them altered. In the same country where the

child Samuel grew up into a statesman, the Lord's people were forbidden to be like other people. They were not to be "conformed to the world," especially not to any sort of *religious* world; each Prophet was to be guided not by the instincts of any other Prophet but by his own; by the Revelation given to him personally from the Unseen.

Where prophetic instinct is generally ignored, it seems almost like an affectation of superiority if one claims to have any. Where the Law is that each man should follow the guidance of his own instinct, the fact of following one's own implies nothing except a desire to obey the Law. Hence the severe denunciations of Prophets against those who follow fashions, even in matters indifferent. They are helping to bind themselves and others in inextricable bondage to immoral influences.

CHAPTER IX

BALANCE OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

IF you can procure a sheet of foolscap paper, lay it open before you. Write at the top of the left-hand page a big C; at top of the right-hand page a big D.

Under C copy out the following table, with as wide a space between the numbers as the length of the page will allow for :—

C

1. Physical digestive power; power to get force from eating visible things.
2. The Time-Sense.
3. Attention to the Concrete.
4. Desire to enjoy.
5. Delight in acquiring.
6. Desire to real-ise one's own Ideal.
7. Love of absorbing other organisms into oneself or one's own Ideals.
8. Consciousness of one's relation to persons visibly present (or whom one often sees, or constantly corresponds with).
9. Power of external observation by sight, hearing, etc.
10. Analysis.

11. Activity of outer senses.
12. Power to impress others with one's own thoughts, feelings, etc.

Under D write out this other table. Set each number on the same line as the corresponding number in Table C :—

D

1. Power to draw Force direct from the Unseen.
2. Love of thinking of the Eternal.
3. Attention to the Abstract.
4. Pleasure in thinking of things enjoyed by others.
5. Impulse to give.
6. Joy in renunciation.
7. Pleasure in being absorbed in other organisms or in serving the Ideals of others.
8. Consciousness of one's relation to the dead, or the absent, or to future generations.
9. Power of visualising, imagining sounds, etc.
10. Synthesis.
11. Activity of unconscious mind.
12. Receptivity, sensitiveness to the thoughts and feelings of others.

Pin the paper open on your wall, or set it up on your bureau, so that it may often be under your eyes. Learn the two columns by heart.

If you are not so situated as to be able to adopt this course, learn the tables by heart from the book; but take care to visualise as you do so. That is to say, have in your mind's eye, all the time, a picture of the sheet of foolscap as above described. Get your imagina-

tion into a condition in which you can, at any moment, call up a clear picture of the two tables with the corresponding items written opposite each other. Make sure that this is accomplished before you read any further.

Now think of Table C (or rather, that which it represents) as laid in one pan of a pair of scales, and what Table D represents as laid in the other pan. Get this picture also well visualised.

When I use the words "a balanced nervous system," I mean one in which the two pans stand level.

This is no dogma imposed by authority. If you *can* doubt that the true equipoise of a nervous system consists in balance between the two sides of our table, pray do so. Doubt as hard as you can, and as long as you can; any doubt that you may feel will be the starting-point of fresh thought-lines, and enable you to find out some truth unknown to me.

By the time you have read to the end of this chapter, it may occur to you that you could draw up a better table of nerve-equipoise than mine. If it does, get a fresh sheet of foolscap, real or imaginary; write out on it your own table; learn that by heart, visualising as you go; then read this chapter over again, substituting, as you go, your own table for mine. Your own mind, and therefore also the general world-mind, will be all the richer for your having done so.

But because you disagree with an author, or doubt his knowing the whole of his subject, that is no reason why you should not try to understand his point of view, and to follow his reasoning as far as it goes. The principle of nerve-balance is the same, however much we may differ as to the details of adjustment. When I think of

nerve-equipoise, I think of my own table; if you can make out one which seems to you more satisfactory, then, for the future, think of the subject in connection with your own table.

The point on which we have to fix attention just now is this :—In what is called, when weak, a mediocre person, and, when strong, a good all-round sort of man, each number of one table is fairly balanced against the corresponding number in the other table; whereas all that is known as genius, and all that is distinctive, picturesque, and striking in character, depend on the preponderance of some one or more characteristics, the unbalancement of the mind or nervous structure at one or more of the lines. Now the readers whom I am chiefly addressing have little belief in the possibility or desirability of turning out everybody conformed to the same well-regulated pattern. Still less do we ourselves at heart desire to be conformed to any general pattern; however, in moods of despondency, we may lament some consequences of our ex-centricity. We know that genius, on the whole, rules the world, however many persons of genius may be crushed under the foot of the multitude. And some of us know, besides, that when genius does consent to sell its birthright for a mess of pottage, what it gets in return for the treasure it has sacrificed is not the good, wholesome family pea-soup which is so satisfying to the appetite of the mediocre, but a vile devil's-broth flavoured with all the fumes which emanate from the pit of hell. And this is only Nature's punishment for violating her laws. For in truth abnormality and ex-centricity are, as Charles Babbage showed, the most normal things in the world;

they form part of that great scheme of differentiation by means of which division of labour and distinction of function are carried out.

Therefore, friends, neither mediocrity nor all-roundness is in our programme. We have the passions of our kind; and we desire not to sell them, but to forge them into *power*.

How, then, can we prevent the ex-centricities of our minds and hearts from weakening and injuring the nervous structure which is, for the present, their enforced dwelling-place and their necessary implement?

"All-roundness" of character and attainment depends on balance between each number in Table C and the corresponding number in Table D. The health of a nervous system depends upon balance between Table C as a whole and Table D as a whole.

Get that idea well fixed in your mind before we go any further; and remember that, for our present purpose, it matters very little whether you are thinking of my tables or of any similar ones which you may have constructed for yourself.

The health of the nervous system depends on a balance between Table C as a whole and Table D as a whole.

The forging of passion into power depends on combining the greatest amount that is practically workable of unbalancement between any particular pair of lines, with equipoise of the tables as a whole; that is to say, balancing exaggeration on one line in one table by an equal exaggeration of one or more other lines in the other table.

I said: the maximum of unbalancement that is practi-

cally workable. There are certain qualities and attainments the total absence of which is so inconvenient, so hampers one in whatever one wants to do, and makes one so burdensome to other people, that no one who can possibly help it should grow up totally devoid of them. No one who can help it should grow up quite unable to read, or totally devoid of the sense of punctuality. How far differentiation may be carried in the future none of us can predict as yet. At the present stage of evolution all human beings have to learn to do certain things their aptitude for which is naturally very weak.

But learning to do that for which we have no natural aptitude puts a great strain on the nervous energy. The cost in effort is very large. Therefore the task of exercising weak faculties, of learning uncongenial tasks, should not be undertaken when the supply of force is very low if this can be avoided; it cannot be considered a remedy or re-creation or mode of recuperation. Before it is entered upon, it is advisable to see that the mechanism by means of which nerves and brain are charged with force is in good working order.

I have said *working* order. All recuperation of energy is effected by the working of something. When a patient is ordered to be idle as a means of recuperation, it is in order to leave time for the working of lungs, heart, and digestive organs to pump some force into his flesh out of the air and food. When they cease to work, the relaxation of his muscular tissues is not that of recuperation but that of death.

There is a similar pumping action by which nervous energy is brought out of unseen cosmic sources on to the nerves and brain. We need to get it into effective

working order and keep it working steadily if we are to do the exhausting business of exercising faculties which are weak, and performing tasks which are uncongenial.

Let us study the nerve-pump a little, in order that we may understand its construction before we begin tinkering at it at random.

Its efficacy appears to depend, like that of every sort of pump in the world, whether natural or artificial, on an alternation of contrary motions. The alternation seems to be between Table C and Table D. The pumping work itself should not be needlessly exhausting; for this purpose it is desirable that it should be carried on by means of those faculties in each table which are not so weak that their action causes of itself excessive strain.

Moreover, any kind of friction or jolting causes waste; and in order to avoid friction it is desirable that the whole mechanism should be in a condition of free mobility, and, as nearly as possible, in one of perfect equipoise. We are using the words "balance" and "equipoise"; we must try to attach to them some definite meaning.

When such words as balance and equipoise are used in relation to physical matters, no one is misled by them; everyone understands them to refer to a state of mobile-stable equilibrium. But when they are used to describe a mental condition, many persons suppose them to connote the stolid variety of stable equilibrium. In order, therefore, to clear away misapprehension we will begin by defining the terms we are going to use.

If you try gently to raise one edge of a heavy table so that it shall have only two legs on the floor, you fail. If you try more energetically, and raise it a very little

way, it falls back, as soon as you take your hands away, into its former position, and stays in it. The condition of such a table is that of a stolid or fixed "stable equilibrium."

The condition of unstable equilibrium is that of a rickety little table, which a slight push will cause to fall over. This condition reaches its climax in the case of a stick, cut off straight at the end, which has been made to stand upright on the floor; the least touch sends it over. It has no tendency to recover its lost balance. A clever juggler can, however, poise it on his finger, and by incessant attention restore its balance, before it falls, every time it leans over.

There is a third possible condition, that of a mobile-stable equilibrium. This is the condition to which we refer when we speak of a pair of scales being balanced, or in equipoise; the pans are equally weighted, and a touch will move them up or down; but when left to itself the whole apparatus tends to return to a "normal" position of equipoise. Many toys illustrate this mode of balance; none better than the old-fashioned tumbler doll, which stands on the flat surface of a hemisphere of wood. A breath will set the toy rocking in any direction, but it recovers immediately, and then sways over in the opposite direction; and so backwards and forwards till the momentum is worn out by the slight friction and the rocking motion dies out, when the doll is found to have settled back into her original position. She owes her stability not to any stolidity but to being judiciously loaded.

The old Cornish Logan stone was a famous instance of this kind of equilibrium.

To our Celtic forefathers the Logan was sacred. And when a set of young naval officers destroyed the fine balance of the Cornish Logan and reduced it to a state of stolid equilibrium, they were railed at as drunken ruffians, and ordered, under pain of severe punishment, to do the best they could to repair the mischief they had caused. When a set of persons (in or out of holy orders) make a career of inflicting the analogous outrage on the delicate equipoise of children's minds, they are called "successful sc . . . "—well, never mind what they are *called*; let those wear the cap who find it fits them. You and I are not, we hope, upsetting other people's Logans, except occasionally and by accident; we do not make it a career or do it on purpose.

Let us go back to the inquiry which concerns us. The Logan is an idle, useless thing, a symbol merely (but sacred because a symbol) of a great truth. The brain of a child is neither idle nor useless; it has a very real function, viz.:—to pump force directly from unseen cosmic stores on to the nervous system. I use the word "pump" advisedly; the brain brings force from the unseen on to the nervous system when it carries on steadily a movement of rocking or alternation. This movement goes on to more effective purpose, and with less friction, in proportion as the equipoise is more complete and the balance more perfect.

Race-inheritance, local custom, claims of duties, family ties, affections and tradition—these are the loadings which make the equipoise "stable," *i.e.* determine a position towards which the mind tends when coming to rest. But there should be no fixity or friction to prevent its swaying temporarily out of that position in any

direction, on the slightest stimulus from without. On this condition, mobility being at its maximum and friction at its minimum, the successive events of life set up a maximum of force-induction with a minimum of waste.

Now the balance, the rocking, is between Table C and Table D. (As I said before, if you do not think my distribution of the items in the two tables satisfactory you had better write out one for yourself which seems to you more so.) But as the very fact of exerting a weak faculty uses up force, the rocking action should be set up, the friction overcome, the equipoise restored, and the nervous system saturated with force, by the alternate action of faculties naturally strong or already in good working-practice, before the attempt is made to get into use those which are weak, either by nature or from artificial disuse.

In this chapter we are trying to get a clear idea of the general meaning of nervous balance. I will therefore give a familiar instance, just by way of clearing up our conceptions of its mode of working.

If digestive power (No. 1 in C) is weak and the character generous or dreamy, and health has suffered from want of food, it is unwise to begin treatment, either by loading the stomach with more food than it is able to digest, or by having much recourse to condiments which directly stimulate appetite and digestion. It is found better to begin by exercising the time-sense, if that be in fairly good working order; laying stress on punctuality, especially in the time of taking food; and by feeding to the sound of music, not of a very refined or emotional or intellectual kind, but such as derives

most of its charm from a steady marked rhythmic beat, such as dance-music, marches, etc. When a little force has been generated by this means, the digestion can, with less risk of injury, be appealed to to exert itself. If the time-sense is so weak that punctuality worries and rhythmic music annoys, some other number in Table C should be acted on; No. 3, the sense of the concrete, by rousing interest in some concrete process, especially some process of growing, manufacturing, or cooking food; or No. 4 may be stimulated by the scent or appearance of the food itself.

The above is given, not as offering new advice but as an instance to show the working of the balance in cases with which everyone is already familiar.

The points on which it is desirable to fix attention just now are:—

1. That a rocking alternation between Table C and Table D supplies the force necessary for keeping conduct in essentials steady.

2. That any friction in the rocking wastes force.

3. That obstruction to the rocking is likely to jolt conduct off its proper guiding rails. It is found practically easier to get children to "behave well," *i.e.* to act in an orderly manner suitable to the needs of their environment, if no one tries to interfere with the free swinging of their minds between ideas apparently contrary to each other or feelings apparently antagonistic to each other. This is the result of experience. The same condition of free swing of thought is found also to make the acquisition of knowledge both easier and less injurious to health of body and mind than it otherwise would be.

The following summary of what is known on the subject of nerve-balance has received endorsement from eminent representatives both of theology and psychological science.

The Creed of Sanity

Unity is the property of the Infinite, the Absolute, the Eternal. Dividedness is the property of the finite, the phenomenal, the transitory. Every attempt, either to eternalise phenomenal distinctions, or to phenomenalise Eternal Unity, is contrary to the true nature of man; and tends towards the destruction of mental health. The great All is a jealous God, and will not suffer His honour to be given to any partial manifestation of good. Every finite or phenomenal good which man invests with attributes belonging only to the Infinite, avenges the majesty of the Unseen Unity by injuring the brain of man.

What force or creative energy is in its own nature we do not know; but we know that every mode of it with which we are acquainted works by a pulsation of contrary motions. All forms are evolved by pulsating Force, yet itself is necessarily formless.

Man is the child of this pulsating or alternating Creator; not His mere handywork, made arbitrarily, unlike Himself; but the outcome of His very thought-processes; and sanity, for us, means thinking as He thinks, so far as we think at all. And He thinks, or, at least, works, in an incessant rhythmic pulsation of alternate constructing and sweeping away. Man should imitate this pulsating activity within his own mind. His studies should alternate the formation of defined and

contrasted conceptions with the unifying of those conceptions; and his religious exercises should suspend all concrete conceptions in adoration of the inconceivable Unity. If we thus embody the principle of pulsation in our thought-life, it becomes a source of constant power, like the movement of our lungs; if we forget it, we waste force at each effort. False religions tend to arrest the natural fading away of things that have served their purpose, whether those things be visible forms or mental conceptions. But the token of the covenant made by Infinite Knowledge with man, is the Rainbow, which no man can capture, or embalm, or enshrine: which is made by the breaking up of the one light into many colours, to fade, before long, into the unity of white light again; and which, when it fades, leaves nowhere in the world a trace of its ever having existed, except on man's heart an impression of spiritual beauty, and in his mind a knowledge of the laws of light.

It is vain that we haste to rise early and late take rest, and devour many carefully compiled text-books; to those who love the Invisible, formless, alternate-beating Unity, the knowledge which is power comes even during sleep.

CHAPTER X

THE INVERT CONSCIOUSNESS

FIVE years ago the reading public was startled by the production of a book[1] written in prison, which contained two apparently conflicting revelations. One portion was such a picture of anomalous selfishness as made the crimes of which the author had been convicted seem light by comparison. The other consisted of a masterly attempt, and perhaps the first real attempt known in literature, to analyse the *intellectual* characteristics of Jesus of Nazareth. What is the mysterious underground link of connection between the sinner and the Saviour which gave to Oscar Wilde an insight into the mind of Christ that St Agnes or St John might envy? We are accustomed to think that a repentant thief has his share of Paradise, and that Magdalene was forgiven because she loved much; but what opened the door of Revelation to an unrepentant man who, on his own showing, had no idea of the meaning of love, except as connected with the gratification of his own sensations and superficial emotions?

There exists a condition of inverse consciousness which appears to be the common basis of the highest genius and the most incurable insanity; of the most sublime

[1] *De Profundis*, by Oscar Wilde.

renunciation and the most abject depravity; of the most illuminating logic and the most unreasoning perverseness. The origin, the cause, of this inverse consciousness is hidden in mystery; we may, perhaps, get some light upon it when we have succeeded in solving the similar but simpler question, why the scarlet pimpernel, which usually produces red flowers with blue centres, occasionally inverts, producing blue flowers with red centres. A tendency to occasional inversion exists both in nature and in human consciousness; and we must accept the fact that it does so. We must also accept this other fact—that individuals of invert consciousness, whether it has manifested itself as genius or as insanity, as logic or as perverseness, as sublime indifference to one's own suffering or as abject indifference to right and wrong, understand each other instinctively as no ordinary mortals understand any of them.

The invert may be described as a spontaneous philosopher, in this sense, viz., that, whereas the highest religious philosophy leads us towards a belief that there must be a goodness in all things, even those which seem to us evil, the invert knows, without any proof or learning, that some things are good which seem to himself evil. Most little children avoid or hate whatever causes them the sensation of pain. Advancing experience (in the cricket field and elsewhere) teaches them that it is advisable to learn to bear pain with fortitude; and that those who will not do so are shut out from many joys and pleasures; but, to little children, pain, so far as it influences them at all, is distasteful. But I knew one infant, who, at a year and a half old, seemed to take keen interest in pain. Like all inverts, he was incon-

sistent; the flesh was weak though the spirit was willing; if he hurt himself badly he would scream like any normal child. But as soon as he recovered from the shock, he would crawl (he still crawled more easily than he walked) to the object which had hurt him and knock himself up against it, more gently, but repeatedly; apparently trying to reproduce, on a small and manageable scale, the sensation which, on the larger scale, had overpowered him; and looking the while as much absorbed and interested as if he had found a new toy.[1]

We are all influenced in some way by the public opinion of persons of our own age, rank, and society. Most of us incline naturally to follow it. Inverts, however, are impelled against an action when public opinion is in favour of it, and towards it when public opinion condemns it. It is known to schoolmasters that a far better protection against vice than any sermonising by grown-ups is a strong public opinion, among the boys themselves, that vice is "caddish" and "bad form." There are boys, here and there, who would be far more attracted towards any action by the fact of its being considered "bad form" than by any personal pleasure they could derive from it. These are the boys who originate bad customs; the majority follow where they are led. Probably Oscar Wilde was, in boyhood, one of the devotees of "bad form" for its own sake.

The line of cleavage between what seems good and what seems evil varies according to age, time, circumstances, and individual taste; the mark of the invert is

[1] The child who deliberately hurt himself was grandson to the man who wrote *The Mystery of Pain.*

that he is attracted towards a thing by the very fact that he is at the moment fearing it, or feeling it to be "evil."

James Hinton was a man abstemious by taste, and preserved from personal vice by his reverence for womanhood and his passionate tenderness towards the suffering. But he took as much pains to acquire a reputation for being bad, as most men do to preserve a reputation for being good. He once gave, in my hearing, as an explanation of some of his anomalous vagaries:— "My God was a vagabond chap, with a taste for low company, who died on the gallows." I quote this, not as my opinion about the Christ, but to explain why I call J. Hinton an invert, and what it was which both he and Oscar Wilde perceived in the "Mind of Christ" which escapes the perception of more normal persons. It is needless to point out how unfortunate is the influence of such utterances, made at random in presence of persons younger or less earnest than the speaker. I only point out that J. Hinton, a man of pure and abstemious life, saw the Saviour in that aspect. It was his way of recognising the truth of the Divine paradox: "That the lowest place was that which the Highest chose."

Most Christians think of the earth life of Christ as a short sorrow, and of the adoration of Christendom as what He desires. J. Hinton used to say: "One would accept being crucified, it does not last long. But to be set up as a standard and have truths revealed to other men trampled down in honour of one, *that* is a fate to make the stoutest heart quail."

It is cheap and easy to dismiss such utterances as

"fantastic" and "crazy." But the invert consciousness exists, and exerts influence; and those who are guiding the education of the nation should surely study how to direct it towards useful ends.

In the "Preparation of the Child for Science," I pointed out a fact which has always struck me as terribly significant. If we take a two-dimensional section of a gentian, we may get a bud-tip appearing, in section, as an isolated anomaly, in no visible connection with any portion of the open flower. But if, instead of cutting the thing to suit our flat views, we had looked at it in three dimensions, we should have seen, not only that the odd point was connected with the flower through its stalk, but also that it marks the precise place where another flower would have opened in course of time had we not interfered to reduce the whole to the two-dimensional condition.

Various mathematical studies have thrown a vivid light on the phenomenon of inversion; among them is one by Babbage, published in 1837, under the title *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise.* Lines and shapes in three dimensions which, in themselves, are continuous and normal, produce, if their shadows are cast on flat paper, all manner of anomalies, inversions, and irregularities. It is inferred that normal facts in higher dimensions might, when reflected on the human three-dimensional consciousness, account for anomalies and apparently miraculous conditions. The experiment was therefore tried of inverting certain relations in the equations of regular curves and families of curves. A most interesting result followed. The inverted equation to a curve sometimes gives what is called a "singular

point," related to the original curve almost as a "rogue elephant" is to his tribe; standing aloof, in no relation visible to the eye with any other point on the curve. On the other hand, the invert equation to a family of curves may produce what is called an "envelope," *i.e.* a curve in contact with every other member of the family. These anomalous points or curves, worked out in invert equations, are called in mathematical terminology, *singular solutions*. Numa Hartog, the young Jew whose brilliant achievement in mathematics was the occasion of opening university honours to his co-religionists, said to me, in a puzzled kind of way, that the chapter on singular solutions in my husband's *Treatise on Differential Equations*, "does not read like a chapter of an ordinary text-book." It would be strange if it did, seeing that it resulted from a devout study of the mystic literature of all ages, from Isaiah's prophecies to Tennyson's "St Agnes' Eve." My husband, in the last years of his life, devoted much time to the study of Frederick Denison Maurice, the theological reformer, and, not long before his death, wrote:—"I have made out what puts the whole subject of Singular Solutions into a state of Unity." Following up clues given by him at that period, some extra-academic mathematicians have worked on the problem so near his heart throughout his life, viz.: —Given a child of any anomalous type, how should his education be directed towards forming in him personal habits tending towards constructive genius rather than perverse destructiveness; towards illuminating synthesis rather than brilliant paradox; towards useful originality rather than vicious curiosity; towards a reverent and sparing use of pleasures, towards renunciation of that

for which other men seek, rather than towards audacious snatching at what they feel to be evil?

When I have tried to call the attention of heads of schools to the dangers to which children of exceptional type are exposed under existing schemes of moral and religious education, I have been met by replies to the effect that a school must be organised to suit the majority, and that exceptional children must take their chance in the general mêlée—a dangerous doctrine in itself, it seems to me, because genius has great influence, for good or ill, over the masses of average men and women. But besides this, it is thought by several experienced persons that the scheme of mental habit suggested for the protection of genius from its special mental and moral dangers would in reality be good, not bad, for the development and stamina of average children.

We are often told by publishers and editors that the public is not interested in speculation of this kind. But if England takes no interest in the question whether its young men of abnormal genius shall lay themselves on the altar of National Reform or rot away in mere phosphorescent decadence, why was Oscar Wilde condemned to prison, and why do we perform religious services in honour of Jesus of Nazareth?

CHAPTER XI

THE FIXING OF GOOD HABITS

THE question of Ethical Stability should be of interest to parents, and indeed to every one. We are all trying to form in ourselves and our children such habits as we consider good; but we leave it too much to mere chance to decide whether these good habits are being formed in a manner calculated to make them stable under stress and strain, or in such a way that they will readily collapse during illness or over-fatigue. *Some* change of habit must be made when nervous energy collapses; that change should take the form of cessation from useful activities. Such suspension of activity facilitates re-storation of latent force; too often, however, the change takes, instead, the form of active violation of good habits of self-restraint previously acquired. The question which of the two directions a temporary loss of force shall take depends very little on the desire of the individual at the time (very few persons desire, at the outset of a fit of nervous exhaustion, to become drunkards, morphia-maniacs, or murderers), but very much upon the manner in which the habit of self-restraint was originally formed, the basis upon which it was first established.

There are several errors which may be made in forming

habits of sobriety, etc. One error consists in indulgence of physical appetites, in themselves innocent and healthy, at *wrong portions of the mental life.*

The mental life may be divided into two portions: one in which the faculty of *discrimination* between external objects is fully awake, and which we call *phase A*; the other in which the faculty of discrimination is dormant, or partially so: we call this portion *phase B.*

Phase B includes sleep, drowsiness, day-dreaming, and "brown studies," all of which are normal and healthy states if not indulged in to excess or at inconvenient seasons. There are unhealthy modes of phase B, which do not concern us at present. Phase B also includes the condition of active mental *abstraction*, in which general conceptions are formed; in which attention is so concentrated on the task of seizing the point of similarity between two or more things or ideas, that it is not actively awake to the points of difference between them. The mood in which a child notices that a cherry is soft and a marble hard, that the cherry is good to eat and the marble is not, that the sun is bigger than the moon, belongs to phase A; the mood in which it dawns on him that all these things are round, the mood in which there is being formed within him the conception of roundness, belongs to phase B. The mood in which a musician com-poses belongs to phase B; that in which he afterwards corrects his composition, to phase A. The pouring out of one's soul in music, verse, or impassioned prose, belongs to B; the decision which parts of the outpour are suitable to give to the public, belongs to A.

The organisation of education can never be anything but empirical and chaotic till teachers recognise the

differences between these two phases, and the relations between the two.

One of the points which should be attended to by those who would forge passion into power is that of handwriting. If the neurotic individual has taken pains to cultivate, for his use during phase A, a handwriting which is both legible and characteristic, this tends to keep clear the distinction between phase A and phase B, for he will find that any change in his usual handwriting indicates the oncoming either of phase B or of some such disturbance of the nerve-centres as accompanies the irregular intermixing of A and B.

Nothing is more important for the future ethical stability of the individual than that his constitution should be trained to receive and expect physical enjoyments only during phase A. Neutrality as to physical sensations, as far as this can be secured, should be the concomitant of phase B.

The reason for this is obvious. Physical enjoyments should be taken with discrimination, both as to kind and as to quantity; the body has a right, so to speak, to claim a normal amount of pleasures; but it should be trained to time its requirements in that direction so as to make its claim during the times when the discriminating faculty is awake, rather than when something else is going on in the mind which is incompatible with the full alertness of the discriminating faculty.

Many pious followers of ancient religions fell into the strange error of supposing that because the seeking of physical pleasure is unsuited to states of internal revelation, therefore the voluntary incurring of pain is a suitable adjunct to those states. There could hardly

be a greater mistake. Whatever may be the educative value of suffering—a wide question, not to be touched on here,—the body should be trained to seek, in dream-moods, not strong sensation of any kind but neutrality. The mind should be so trained that it tends, when its discriminating faculties are in less than full activity, not to mortify the body but to forget it.

We will now suggest precautions to be taken with a view to training certain kinds of desire for physical pleasure and physical self-assertion into the healthy habit of going to sleep whenever the faculty of discrimination is lethargic or dormant.

Some persons have carried the theory of synchronism so far as to insist that infants should not be allowed to suck themselves to sleep. The present writer doubts the necessity for any such interference, as long as the food is uniform, monotonous, and absolutely natural. But there can be no question as to the wisdom of beginning the rhythmic discipline as soon as the child is old enough to have sweets. No sweets or biscuits to suck oneself to sleep with should be allowed.

No day-dreaming should be allowed at meal times. Food should be taken slowly; and eating may be interrupted by short intervals of chatter and laughter; but no silent dawdling should be allowed during the meal. A period of silence after a meal is not bad in its way.

Unusually nice things, choice fruits, etc., should always be the concomitant of social festivities, not the consolation of loneliness. If you have to leave a child alone, and wish to give it some compensation for solitude, let this take the form of a mental interest (a fresh toy, picture, book, etc.), not of a physical sensation.

Table-courtesies, attention to other people's wants, etc., have another function besides those of training in "good manners," and of promoting unselfishness; they help to keep up the habit of synchronism between the act of feeding the body and the mental condition of alertness as to outer facts. Get the child, by every possible means, into the habit of noticing who wants salt or bread, whenever he is eating; and of *not* noticing what is going on round him when he is engaged in study.

A hostess who invites friends, especially young friends, to partake of luxurious food and choice fruits, or to make jokes in a scented and flower-bedecked room, is morally bound to keep the conversation strictly on the discriminative plane. It need not be frivolous, or unimproving; it may be about botany, astronomy, politics, or history; but it should deal with the superficial aspect of those things; with obvious differences, not with underlying unity between them. This caution should be especially observed if pleasant wines are offered. On the other hand, a hostess who intends that her house should be a centre of philosophy, a place of exercise for the faculty of discovering general principles underlying phenomena apparently diverse or discordant, is bound to keep a severe check on her housekeeper in the matter of showing what the establishment can do in the way of a luxurious feed. The drinkables, on such occasions, should be, as far as possible, teetotal in kind. If any of the guests are invalids and cannot digest without a modicum of alcohol, it should be sound in quality but not specially tempting in flavour, and should not be pressed on anyone, especially on the young.

Wherever the underlying principle of monism, of unity among apparent opposites, is being thought of, brilliant witticisms should be severely at a discount. So should dramatic gesticulation, and, in fact, all spontaneous self-assertion of the body, and all that ministers to mental show-i-ness. During discussions of underlying principles, men and women should be encouraged to treat each other as comrades in investigation, rather than as persons of opposite sex. Polite attentions from men as such to women as such should be accompanied by conversation which encourages the sense of contrast and the exercise of faculties of discrimination.

Careless readers might suggest that all this savours of Puritanism. A moment's reflection suffices to remind us that Puritanism discouraged fun, feasting, frolic and flirting, at all times. Modern medical science acknowledges the usefulness of them as integral portions of normal life; it discourages indulgence in them only at wrong periods of the mental cycle. From the point of view of modern medical science, Pan, the horrible satyr, the parent of all the most hideous vices, was really The One, The All, the same conception of the Unity of Creation as the I Am of Moses; but—mark the difference—approached without the special precautions with which Moses surrounded the approach to the Holy Mountain whereon he had seen the Unity of the Creator.

The rules above suggested are important for all children. There are certain extra precautions which are advisable in the case of highly neurotic young persons and of those who possess (or who are possessed by?) that mysterious faculty called Genius.

Genius, of whatever kind, and whatever other elements may go to make up its composition, always has for one of its main ingredients an unusual development of the faculty of monism. Genius does, at certain times, discriminate very clearly; but some form or other of what we have called "phase B" is, in the man of genius, more profound and definite than is the case with ordinary mortals. The process of seeing a unity underlying phenomena which to the external discrimination seemed diverse, is, for genius, not a mere restful dream, but a positive working-implement (intellectual, artistic, or spiritual).

The space at our disposal does not permit us to go into the proofs of this assertion; we need only, here, remind our readers that, while ordinary painters can produce striking likenesses of individuals, the painter of great genius can produce an ideal type-face — say a philosopher which is like every portrait of a philosopher that one ever saw; or a maiden who reminds every lover of his lady-love; or a Christ in which every serious-minded person sees a resemblance to the teacher who has most inspired him; or a woodland scene which makes each admirer suspect that the painter has visited his or her own favourite nook in the woods. Similarly, while all ordinary astronomers were making observations on the motions of the moon, and ordinary physicists on the fall of various bodies towards the earth, Newton declared that the two sets of movements were subject to a common law; while ordinary naturalists were busy discussing which plants or animals were related to each other, and where science was compelled to infer that special kind of creation which constitutes a separate

species, Darwin showed that species are probably old and fixed varieties.

Genius is not a disease; it is rather, like parturition, a condition of normal and healthy fertility, but it is a condition in which, under our present artificial social conditions, extra precautions are desirable in order to prevent its becoming the starting-point of disease.

The precautions specially desirable during the composition phase of genius are such as the following:— Food rather less in bulk than the individual's usual quantity (to be made up for when the fit has passed over), lighter and more digestible in kind, and less highly flavoured. Alcohol (if any) less in quantity than usual, and never taken in a room alone, or between meals. Extra reserve in intercourse with the opposite sex. Strict chastenedness of conversation; abstaining not only from the least approach to anything unseemly in itself, but also from all levity, from jests at the expense of others; from even the appearance of irreverence or unkind speech; and great moderation in the matter of brilliant and showy wit.

Young people of genius, to do them justice, nearly all evolve an instinct of self-protection and would naturally seek the shelter of such precautions as I have indicated. But officious friends are much too prone to interfere, wondering why the youth or girl cannot be "like other people"; and especially why he cannot behave, now, like his usual self. If he is ill, let him go to a doctor. If he is not ill enough to need medical care, they "have no patience with whims" in the matter of food. And why need he give himself airs of being glum and self-absorbed? He is not working so hard as all that comes

to. Besides, he found time to go for a walk with a serious friend; why couldn't he, instead, find time to join in the fun in the drawing-room and to dance attendance on his girl-cousins? And so on.

"Why cannot he be like other people?" Because Nature has decreed that, at certain crises of his life, he shall not; that he must be more reserved, more reticent, more chastened than others need to be, or else he will become worse than others are. Because, while the fit of com-position is on him, the man is a consecrated priest and prophet of Unity; he is not, for the time, a member of ordinary human society; he is bound to dwell alone in the desert; and, if not faithful to The Holy One, terribly likely to fall into the clutches of the wicked, leering PAN.

Some writer has said that "A woman should be an angel to marry a genius"; and sometimes indeed it does seem so. But the wives of men of genius would have much less need of angelic forbearance in later life, if they had, before marriage, enough common-sense and moral arithmetic to count the cost of what they are about to do; if they would decide at once, either to forego the special joys which genius sheds around it, or to endure the extra precautions necessary to preserve its delicate balance.

We have said that the body should be trained to time its cravings for physical enjoyment so as to synchronise with mental moods of dis-crimination. This rule might legitimately be carried out absolutely and without reservation, and should be carried out as far as circumstances make it possible. In all moods to which the words com-pose and com-position can be applied, the

body should seek ease, neutrality of sensation, the mere supplying of its needs; all sensation which is either acutely pleasurable or novel, as well as all freaks of physical curiosity and all vigorous and exciting modes of muscular exertion, should co-incide with moods of active mental dis-crimination.

There is another canon of ethical safety, quite as important to observe as the above, but it cannot be so absolutely or clearly stated. It will therefore need a little more explanation. It is that of training the body to abstain, when the discriminating faculties are wholly or partially dormant, from *spontaneous ex-pression.* There are regions of exception to this rule; if it were enforced throughout the whole range of possibilities of physical expression, it would cut at the root of all outward expression of the mental process of com-position. The hand must write (whether words or notes), the voice must utter, the brush must paint, while the mind is too busy listening to the Inspirations of the Unseen Source of Harmony to exercise its critical discriminating faculties to the full; hence that need of after-correction so much insisted on by all really great writers and artists. There must be ex-pression of some sort during creative, com-posing moods, else there can be no art; the hand must be trained to register impulses as they pass through the half-conscious mind, in order that the discriminating faculty may afterwards possess what has been so registered, as material to work upon. All true art consists of selection made by the discriminating faculty, when fully awake, out of material inspired through the com-posing faculty while the discrimination was wholly or partially dormant. All originality in art

depends on the sacred right-to-go-wrong among art material, compensated by a corresponding after-exercise of the correcting-power of discrimination.

But, as impulses towards physical activity of a harmless kind must be freely indulged during phase B, in the interests of the artistic development, there is all the more need that the body should be sternly trained in the habit of using, in dreamy moods, only such modes of ex-pression as can be harmlessly mis-used. It ought to be more generally noticed than it hitherto has been, that all kinds of freaks of curiosity pass through the sub-conscious mind of imaginative persons; and of all those of neurotic, ascetic, or specially religious temperament. Through the sub-conscious mind of such persons there pass very often (alternating with other and more useful thoughts) such ideas as:—"I am tired of life"; "John Smith is a nuisance; the world would be better off if he were out of it"; "I wonder what it feels like to be drunk"; "I should like to get into an opium-dream," etc., etc., etc. A medical man of long experience assures me that, under such circumstances, a fatal act may be committed by the hand, in response to the freakish impulse of the sub-conscious mind, before the discriminating judgment has had time to take cognisance of what is going on. Juries in such cases debate as to whether the act was wilful or involuntary, whether their verdict shall be "accident," or "temporary insanity," or "guilty." The verdict should properly be:—"Guilty of neglect of precautions for the preservation of moral sanity."

No person of dreamy, religious, philosophic, artistic, or mystical temperament should trust himself alone in a room with loaded firearms, until he has acquired, by

practice in handling arms while unloaded, the habits which go to make the handling of them, when loaded, safe. Among the most important of those habits is that of never handling them at all except while the discriminating faculty is fully awake. For similar reasons, the hands of all such persons should be early trained never to gravitate, in any form of phase B, towards anything in which a drug might be contained. Preservation from crime and vice depends, for any neurotic, far less on the absence of potentially criminal moods than on the habit of not expressing the impulses of dream-moods, *even when these are good*, in any manner or material by which harm could be done if the impulse itself were an evil one. Pens and paper, pencils, spare canvases, oddments of paint, waste crewels and silks, are the safest kinds of implements with which to express inspiration as it passes. And the original register should never be shown to any public, till it has been well weeded or corrected in a fully discriminating mood.

One of the most perilous habits which an original thinker can acquire is that of running about among his friends ex-pressing his inspirations at their crude stage. Every original thinker gets into states in which wonderful suggestions occur to him, of analogies or likenesses between facts previously seen as diverse. To many, the joy at times is so overwhelming—and at other times the sense of mere fun is so exhilarating—that one feels one cannot bear it alone; one must share the delight and wonder with someone. Yet the fact must be faced:—the habit of ex-plaining one's vision to one's fellow mortals, while the vision-mood is still on one's soul, is dangerous to moral sanity. The great safeguard for

the thinker is that which kept Moses safe among all the flashing spiritual electricity of Mount Sinai:—the deep consciousness of being, not the originator of the pleasant thought but its recipient; of being, for the time, not a teacher of other men but a pupil of Eternal Unity; of being in the actual presence of an Unseen Father, Who not only gives the Revelation, but Who also—if one can, without irreverence, venture to say so—fully appreciates the fun.

The rest of this chapter will be slightly more abstract and scientific than the preceding part; but any reader who has the least acquaintance with the conception alluded to in modern educational works as "the doctrine of association" will find no difficulty in following the reasoning.

If we are accustomed to do a certain act, voluntarily, whenever a certain idea or emotion is stirred, the act becomes associated in our nervous system with that idea or emotion, and tends, so to speak, to do itself at the stimulus of the idea or emotion; the presence of the idea causes us to perform the act involuntarily, by sheer force of habit. For this reason it is important, not only to form good habits, but to associate them, during the process of formation, with motives, ideas, and emotions likely to last throughout life.

For the first twelve years or so of a child's life it is impossible to guess what class of emotions or ideas will appeal most strongly to him later on. Therefore it is wiser not to try to link the good habits which are being formed with any motive which seems to sway him specially; but rather to appeal to quite general ones:—all the persons about him, especially those with whom

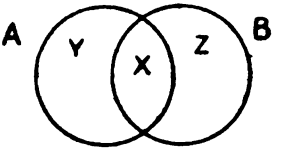
he lives, wish him to be clean, punctual, polite, etc., and things will be made pleasant to himself if he does as they wish. This vague combination of altruism and egoism is a sufficient basis for the formation of character in childhood. During the period of adolescence the motives which will ultimately dominate begin to stir in the consciousness. Parents and teachers too often make the mistake of imagining that it comes within their function to determine by what motives a pupil shall be swayed. That question does not depend on any decision of theirs. As well might a hatching hen decide that the eggs on which she is sitting shall develop into partridges and not into ducks! What does depend, to some extent, on the hen's action, is, whether the development which is going on shall be full and harmonious or arrested and impotent; whether the ducks or partridges (as the case may be) shall have their limbs in good working order, or shall be lop-sided and helpless to carry out their own purposes. "If you train up a child in the way *he* should go," said an eminent psychologist of the last generation, "when he is old he will not depart from it. If he departs from the way in which you have tried to train him, it is because you have tried to train him in a way which *he* should not have gone, one in which Nature never intended him to go."

This is now perfectly acknowledged by all psychologists worth mentioning. They know quite well that the business of the teacher is to found, on a basis of motives which exist, habits which will be useful. The only correction of this formula which the present writer would venture to suggest is an addition. Found habits which will be useful on a basis of *such among existing*

motives as are likely to prove permanent; or, in other words:—Build up good habits on a basis within which falls the centre of gravity of the individual with whom you are dealing.

Now what do we mean by the centre of gravity of a character?

In any given individual, it will be found that some motives potent in phase A lose their hold in B; and some which are potent in B lose hold in A. Some desires and ambitions, which appeal strongly to him in A, seem to him in B unworthy and trivial; and some aspirations which stir profound emotion in B are judged



by the waking discrimination of A to be too refined, too subtle, too altruistic for the present stage of existence. But there is probably always a range of motives which appeal to the heart of the individual in both phases. Let us picture the whole range of motives which influence him in the A phase as represented by the left-hand circle in the diagram, and the whole range which influence him in the B phase as represented by the right-hand one; we shall think of motives operative only in A as Y-motives, those operative only in B as Z-motives, while X, the *quæsitum*, will stand for the (usually small) range of motives which stir his deeper emotions during his dream-moods, and yet are judged by his waking discrimination to be practical; and which are therefore

able to stimulate him both to strenuous effort and to steady self-restraint. Within X lies the true centre of gravity of the individual's heart and conscience; "the soul that makes him one from first to last."

Habits formed while motives X are present to the mind are unlikely to collapse under any stress and strain of life, or even in the conditions respectively known as "absence of mind" and as "temporary insanity."

It must be observed that the permanent motive is not always one predominantly present to consciousness. It is revealed rather by the quality of the individual's interest in other things than by his conscious interest in that thing. A girl may seem at one time devoted to music or some art, at another to philosophy or literature; but always under the dominant influence of some teacher, and stimulated by his approval. The desire for human approval is in this case likely to be a more permanent motive than either art or philosophy. Or a girl may be absorbed at one time in the study of music; at another time of history or literature; and what her soul is seeking through its various phases may be the Law of rhythmic beats of the Unseen. In such a case, the motive which may be relied on as a basis for ethical habit is the belief in the retaliations brought about by the recoil-power of destiny. A young person may seem at one time intensely pious, at another painfully worldly; the motive all through may be an artistic sentiment, which causes the imagination to be fascinated, at one time by the "beauty of holiness," at another by some artistic quality perceived in social life; the power to trust to, in such a case, is neither the influence of the Church

nor that of the world, but the desire for the outward expression of harmonious Law.

It must be remembered that we are treating here of the choice not of a professional career for the future man or woman, but of a basis for the formation of habits. The bread-winning profession of an individual should be of such a kind that he can be interested in it, but can also escape entirely from the thought of it when off duty. The basis of ethical habit, on the contrary, should be some sentiment from which the individual never escapes; which is about his path and about his bed; something for the sake of which he is willing to work and the thought of which makes it easy to rest; which gives life a meaning, and robs death of its sting.

In no cases, perhaps, can the subject of educational disappointment be studied more easily or with more profit than in those of little girls who show an early taste for what are called domestic pursuits: needlework, dusting, and the arrangement of the table or the room. Such precocious little housewives often become, in later life, the most hopelessly and helplessly undomesticated women. The reason of the failure would seem to be this:—The mother assumes that her intelligent little helper has "domesticated tastes"; whereas the child's orderly activity is probably due to its being, at a very early age, the only outlet for some nascent passion, either the love of approval, or the general instinct of kindness, or the desire to help whoever is greater and cleverer than herself. A little girl may be phenomenally clever at darning father's socks as long as father is the dominant influence of her life, and darning socks the only thing she can do for him. If she finds out too early that she can

help him, or some indulgent uncle, by copying MSS., it is much to be feared that the needle will prove to be not her true vocation after all, unless special pains are taken to cultivate the taste for some years. As soon as the child goes to school, domestic work finds itself perhaps in violent conflict with the ruling passion; and the taste for it crumbles like a snapped "Rupert's drop," never to be restored. Domesticated tastes, in a woman, are the normal result of household work having been an outlet for the expression of the X-motive between the ages of twelve and eighteen.

The question naturally occurs:—how can parents and teachers find the centre of gravity of a young life, how discover the ultimately dominant motive? Very often they cannot do so; perhaps it is not best to probe in the matter too curiously. The important thing is that they should realise that there *is* a centre of gravity to each young life; and that it lies in the region where apparently conflicting passions mutually overlap. They will then try to link the habits most important to form, not with the passion which seems strongest at any given time but with the greatest possible variety of motives, in the hope that the good habit will link itself with the quality of feeling, whatever that may be, which underlies all the various apparent motives.

In this matter, as in many others, the fact which it is most important for us to know is that of our own ignorance. We cannot know what is the centre of gravity of a young nature; let us then not act as if we knew. We know only that it lies at the meeting-point of the character's extremes.

The power in which we must put our trust is not

our own strength, but the Force which is given off where conflicting elements meet. Our Deliverer is not any eidolon which we have fashioned with the hands of our imagination, but the Unity who reveals Himself in the union of apparent opposites.

CHAPTER XII

CONSCIOUS AND UNCONSCIOUS MIND

No one as yet knows exactly how conscious and unconscious mental action are related to each other. But it will assist us in arranging the facts we do know if we picture consciousness as a workshop, built over a cavity, a sort of dark cavern or cellar. The senses (eyes, ears, touch, etc.) are passages which lead out into the open air. Raw material is brought through these passages into the workshop (consciousness), and sent through it into the cellar, whence it can be fetched up when wanted. This fetching up from the cellar of an idea lodged there beforehand is what we call the act of memory or remembering.

Besides the stairway which leads from the above-ground workshop to the cellar, there are other slopes or stairways which go direct from the sense-avenues to the cellar without passing through the workshop.[1]

Individuals differ greatly in the use which they make of the two sets of paths between the cellar and the outside world. In some, nearly all material passes into memory through consciousness; others "remember" many things which seem never to have passed through consciousness at all on the way down to the store-house.

[1] See No. 9 of the Balance-table in Chapter IX.

The same difference is observable in the relative use of the two sets of passages for passing material back.

Almost everyone can with more or less accuracy and vividness "call up a picture," or sound, or scent, or taste, of which he is, at the moment, consciously thinking. In that case, the impression has come up from the unconscious mind into the conscious mind, and has then passed out into the sense-perceptions or doorways. But in some persons stored-up impressions come directly up the other stairs, into the sense-passage, and *thence* into consciousness. The majority first think of an object or sound or scent or flavour, and then picture or "imagine" it; but some see or hear or smell or taste it in imagination, and only afterwards consciously think of it. To this latter mode of perception is commonly given such names as clair-voyance, clair-audience, etc. It is as normal and natural and healthy as the other, though as yet less usual.

Most people think of an idea and then write it down. To some it comes natural to write first, and then receive the idea into consciousness by reading it in their own handwriting. The one is as "normal" as the other, and, in itself, quite as healthy.

To information brought from the unconscious mind to the conscious through the channel of one's own handwriting, is usually given the somewhat misleading title "automatic writing." (Misleading, because all writing which is done without conscious effort is automatic in itself; whether dictated by the conscious or the unconscious mind.)

As I said, one mode of conveyance between the

outer sense and the cavern of unconscious mind is as normal and healthy as the other; each has its function and utility. Only it is found important to distinguish sounds or sights projected up from the cavern below from those which are at the moment entering in from the outside. And this is very easy to do when the cellar-produced impressions come first up into consciousness as thoughts and thence are projected on to the concrete imagination. A little more training is necessary to effect the distinction in the case of imaginary impressions which come first as sense impressions and only afterwards as thoughts.

But the fact that a faculty is not in working order at birth, that it needs training before it can be relied on to work efficiently, does not prove either that the faculty is useless, or that the possession of it is a symptom of disease.

Confusion has been introduced into this subject by three causes.

First, for many years the medical profession treated as "symptoms of insanity" the seeing of visions and hearing of voices, and locked up in lunatic asylums our best specimens.

Second, because clairvoyance and clairaudience have been considered as symptoms of insanity, those to whom they occur become frightened. Instead of taking the thing naturally and quietly as a faculty to be used, the relatives of the person affected treat it quite wrongly; making the same kind of mistakes as would be made if one treated the opening of a kitten's eyes, or any other normal product of evolution, as a symptom of disease which must be got rid of. In some cases, indeed, the

patient really goes mad of sheer terror because he thinks he must be going mad.

Third, clairvoyants and clairaudients are often well aware that their peculiar sense-impressions are concomitants of inspiration. This is, so far, perfectly correct. All people are more or less inspired at times, and if a person is so constituted as to be subject to these so-called hallucinations, it is during the inspired moments that they occur. But it does not in the least follow that those to whom they occur are more inspired, or more truly inspired, than anybody else. The same kind of organisation which makes a person clairvoyant or clairaudient makes him also conscious when inspiration is going on. The two things—clairvoyant impression and the sensuous consciousness of the fact of being inspired—come to the same kind of person and in the same physical condition. But inspiration itself comes just as strongly and as truly to the same person in other states, and to people who are never clairvoyant at all. The visions or voices are no test or measure either of the intensity, the accuracy, or the value of the inspiration. They prove that inspiration is going on. The absence of them does not prove it is not going on.

CHAPTER XIII

HYPERÆSTHESIA; ADUMBRATIONS; HALLUCINATIONS; HYSTERIA

THERE is a condition known as hyperæsthesia, in which some of the senses or faculties become abnormally acute; one sees objects clearly in very faint light, or hears slight sounds at incredibly long distances; while quite ordinary amounts of light or noise may be distressing. Or the mind may become especially acute in grasping certain kinds of ideas, which strike one with painful force. In this condition mistaken impressions and false ideas are peculiarly liable to register themselves and become part of the permanent furniture of the brain. It is well, therefore, to hold oneself with special care as near as may be to the Spirit of Truth whenever the senses or intellect seem phenomenally acute.

Either hyperæsthesia or the opposite condition, the benumbing of certain faculties, may result from excessive magnetisation by some other person, who may (or may not) be wholly unconscious of the influence which he is exerting. The remedy is easy and almost certainly efficacious if administered under suitable conditions. The person in whom the anomalous symptoms have been observed should make himself, or be made, the

reconciling point of hostile forces. He should be subjected to the influence of someone whom the source of the mischief either despises and is despised by, or hates and is hated by, or has wronged and feels wronged by. This should be done, if possible, by mutual consent of the conflicting parties, as a remedial measure indicated by the course of events. The patient's suffering should be treated as a token from The Unseen Powers, not that the mutual hostility of the parties was wrong or was needless from the first, but that the time has come for it to cease.

Children who are subject to hyperæsthesia in any form, or susceptible of over-magnetisation, should never be stimulated to continuous intellectual exertion in any one direction. They are the born reconcilers and harmonisers of the world: their function is to reveal to each other opposing modes of consciousness. At school they should have easier intellectual work than is found suitable for average children of their age and apparent capability; they should be made responsible for the lessons being understood by the stupidest and most backward in the class; and be allowed also to point out to the teacher where the stupid ones have failed to grasp his meaning. Such of them as take up literature as a profession should begin their career as translators and critics, and not offer their own ideas to the world till they have considerable experience in making some section of the public understand work primarily written for, and more immediately intelligible to, some other section. They should never be expected or encouraged to join any party in religion or politics. That fidelity to party, that *esprit de corps*, which for

average men is a virtue, inasmuch as it counteracts selfish vagaries and impulses, and keeps alive the ideal of fidelity, is, for such sensitives as I am describing, a vice, in that it breeds disease of the brain and nerve-tissues, and prepares the way for all kinds of hypocrisies, distortions, and vicious desires.

These sensitives are, properly speaking, "*mediums*" in the fullest sense of that word, interpreters and mediators by nature. But they need long and severe training before they are fit to translate into human speech the notations used by the Unseen Powers. And the training should consist, not in premature boasting of their personal intercourse with those Mighty Ones who have "gone before," and who now "rule us from their graves," but in humble and reverent expositions of the meaning of masters who are visibly present to correct them if they speak rashly, and of documents which can be consulted at first hand by whoever doubts the accuracy of the medium's interpretation.

That seems to have been the meaning of what were called in Bible times "Schools of the Prophets." The younger prophet was trained by carrying messages from the older prophet to the people; and not until he could give a message accurately *from his human master* to a stupid king, or a noisy rabble, without distorting it, was he allowed to speak as an authorised messenger from God.

An analogous principle to that indicated above, the necessity for training hyperæsthetic sensitives, from the first, as interpreters, is the following. It is dangerous to educate boys and girls apart from each other; but doubtfully wise to educate them together without the

normal safeguard of purity and honour, which consists, not in incessant spying by adults, but in making each sex responsible, to some extent, for the other; the boys for the physical safety and intellectual thoroughness of the girls; the girls for the physical comfort and moral and artistic refinement of the boys.

In all this question of personal influence, we should never lose sight of the great principle so lucidly explained by E. Ray Lankester in the *Quarterly Review* of July 1904, viz.:—that two races or individuals may, by merely coming into contact without the appropriate precautions, generate some contagious disease of which neither showed any symptom while they kept apart. One may have been long generating the virus or other potential cause of disease, but have been at the same time growing, *pari passu*, immune to its action; the other may be free from the virus and lack the immunity. When they come into contact, the virus may pass from the one which is immune to the one which is not so, and generate some horrible and unmanageable disease, either physical or mental. Never, therefore, allow yourself to think of a race-hatred, a race-shudder, a sense of unaccountable unreasoning aversion, as a pre-judice; it is far more likely to be a pre-monition, a warning from the Unseen to avoid some grave danger. But the pre-monition comes from the Unseen, the As-Yet-Unknown; and the shadow which it casts before may be very unlike the reality. Do not allow it to fix itself in your mind in its present shape, and become a pre-judice (a judgment without knowledge). Say to yourself, not:—"I hate this man because he is a Jew"; or "I despise this man because he is a Kaffir"; or "All Orientals are

sly"; or "All the yellow races are untrustworthy"; but "The Unseen is warning me that this man holds, for the present, some danger for me." Act like the wary animal who hears in the forest some unfamiliar sound. Keep your eyes and mind open and your tongue silent, and wait to see what the Unknown is sending.

Coming revelation casts its shadow before. When there is any stir in the region whence man receives inspirations, or when the minds of powerful thinkers are pondering over some problem as yet unsolved, sensitive brains are prone to see visions and dream dreams. Lack of understanding on this point gives rise to many of the manias recognised as such by the medical and legal authorities, as well as to many tragedies which pass outside of lunatic asylums and which tend rather to enrich the literature of romance than to foster man's control over himself and the world around him.

When the shadow of on-coming revelation falls on the intellectual plane, it commonly produces delusions of many kinds; when it falls on the emotional plane it produces various kinds of sentimental aberrations, of which we will speak presently. We will touch first on the intellectual delusions.

On-coming revelation uses all kinds of faculties as screens on which to project its varied shadows; and these are usually either inverted or distorted, or both. If the condition of underground passages described in Chapter XII. exists, the invert shadow projects itself as clairvoyance or clairaudience. To take the vision or voices as in themselves true representations of truth is superstitious and foolish; but to dismiss them as worth-

less and incapable of assisting revelation is worse. Each is a shadow; by comparing the various shadows we arrive at last at grasping the meaning of the revelation.

A fertile source of error in interpreting revelation is to treat words written automatically, or spoken in trance, as if they belonged to the domain of language; whereas in reality such utterances are more commonly mere indications of a Notation, and should be interpreted as such. If a naturalist wrote of a certain bird that it whistled *c*, *a*, *b*, those would be much misled who insisted that he had described the bird as whistling for a cab; but not more so than many who report on the utterances of trance-mediums or who publish automatic writings. An instance will perhaps make clearer what is here meant than any theoretical explanation.

A "medium" sometimes declares that some person is "illegitimate," or a "bastard," or that his parents were "not truly married." When this is treated as language it may give rise to scandals. The great Powers of Revelation do not gossip with men, in earth-phraseology, taking seriously our parchment documents and registry-office ceremonials! They use the ceremonials to bring to our minds facts in the great Notation of Sex which they have used in all ages as the type of the psychologic life. In that notation, two persons are treated as "not truly married" who have come together in a wrong frame of mind for fulfilling the best purposes of marriage. A "bastard" child is one whose parents did not so conduct their union as to secure to him a full share of such physical, intellectual, and spiritual vitality as they may have possessed.

In general terms it may be said that any words or visible images which occur in a supposed communication from The Unseen should be treated not as conveying any message but as giving an indication of the notation in which the message is to be conveyed.

Adumbrations come in dreams. "The brain of man functions normally towards Monism"; whenever its discriminating faculties are not fully active, it puts together in new combinations impressions received separately. These combinations are stored in the unconscious mind and become part of its available material. In sleep, this whole process should go on outside of consciousness, or at least leave no trace on the memory. But if the sleep is not complete we remember some part of the process and call it a "dream."

If the brain is in training, and functioning perfectly, it puts elements together in their true relations; and the dream, if dream occurs, constitutes a direct revelation. But if the functioning is not perfect, various elements of thought are flung together without organisation, without regard to their true relation to each other. The dream is then only indirectly a revelation; it reveals, not truth, but the precise manner in which the brain is, at the moment, inclined to err. If one dreams of finding gold or jewels, the dream may *possibly* be the reflection, on a normally working brain, of knowledge, residing in some other personality, of the real whereabouts of the treasure. But it is more probably something far more valuable, *i.e.* a revelation to oneself, for one's own self-guidance, of the precise manner in which one's brain is, at the time, inclined to work abnormally. If one dreams of finding jewels in some place where they are not to be found,

one should recognise that one's brain is, for the present, functioning abnormally towards easy optimism, and, for some days to come at least, discount all optimistic opinions one may be led to form, about money, business, or anything else. On the other hand, if one dreams of misfortune which is of impossible kind or which fails to occur, one should discount pessimistic apprehensions. This is the meaning of the old saying that dreams "go by contraries," *i.e.* should be interpreted as warnings of the direction in which one should not go except with great caution.

When the time has nearly come for some new method in abstract science, mathematics, or logic, an adumbration of it may fall on the brain of some sensitive, in the shape of a mechanical device. He may see in the air before him, as it were, as Macbeth saw the dagger, a new piece of mechanism, or a modification of some existing machine. If he had been trained in accordance with the suggestions of Chapter XI. it would not occur to him that he had any duty or function in regard to the vision, except to study it, till his discriminating faculties were once more in full activity. And when he found himself once more in phase A, he would look about the world around him, to see whether it needed, required, or wished for, the materialisation of his vision. It may be that some external need really does exist for the materialised embodiment of the thought-process which, as such, the world is not yet ready to understand. If so, the mortal who has seen a revelation in vision, and carried it out in objective fact, becomes a real inventor and possibly a prosperous individual as well as a benefactor to the human race. But in many cases there happens to exist

no external use for the materialising of the vision. If the possessor of the sensitive brain in which it took shape is ignorant and untrained enough to suppose that, because he saw a thing in the air, he has a divine commission to project it in iron or stone, he may waste his life and his money—and perhaps other people's lives and money as well—on a gigantic invention, or on a succession of small inventions, of no practical use to any one. Much waste of life and energy will be spared when it is understood that, in such cases, divine commission is to be inferred with certainty only at the point where inspiration from within meets some call or need from without. If no such need is perceptible, the seer of the vision may legitimately materialise it in "play," *i.e.* on a small scale, expending on it only his leisure time and spare cash. To do this will probably assist him in interpreting the utterance of the divine voice within, which as yet he only imperfectly apprehends. But he should take no step, in consequence of the vision, which seriously commits or hampers the lives of others, or even his own. If this be clearly recognised we shall be in a better position for understanding how to deal with the other class of shadows, *i.e.* those which fall on the emotional faculties and create sentimental disturbance.

Two persons may have something in common as to which they can supplement each other, so that by combining for a time their two sets of faculty, or two stores of knowledge, they will be able to carry into effect some work which would not be done if they remained apart. Sensitives often feel an adumbration of this, in the shape of a strong personal attraction, which, if restrained, may take on the form of a real nostalgia; a feeling as if

water would not quench thirst unless taken from that person's hand; as if rest were unattainable except by that person's side.

The trained seer knows that all this is adumbration of some future mutual fertilisation between the two; and, true to the habit of not taking action on any emotion or sensation of phase B till it has been passed in review in phase A, postpones the indulgence of the new desire till the anomalous intensity of it has completely passed off and the mind has proved itself thoroughly awake once more by a renewed capability of taking an interest in ordinary life. But an untrained sensitive too often takes action on the adumbration while it is still overshadowing the judgment; while he is incapable of discerning what manner of substance is casting the strange shadow. Two men may set up in business together who would be more useful as correspondents than as partners. Or two women may break off their respective home ties in order to set up house together, and presently "get on each other's nerves"; because the relation of daily intercourse over trivial household detail is unfavourable to the doing of the real task which was being set to them. Probably the most disastrous mistake that is made in connection with the attraction of adumbration is when it occurs between persons of different sexes, at an age when sex-passion is strong. They imagine themselves "in love" with each other. They may be unsuited, either to live in common, to beget healthy children by each other, or to generate a harmonious atmosphere in which to bring up children; and marriage between them may be in every way disastrous. On the other hand, it sometimes happens

that the young people themselves, or their friends for them, have wisdom to "wait and see whether the fancy passes off" before committing themselves irretrievably. In this case they too often allow themselves to drift permanently apart; lose the benefit of the adumbration as prophecy, and fail to accomplish what they might have done by a sober union of their diverse mental powers.

Many of us spend our lives in alternately lamenting our poverty and grumbling at the quantity of rough gravel under our feet; while we omit to notice that the gravel is rich auriferous quartz. If, instead of trampling it under foot, we picked it up, we might soon be rolling in well-hung carriages and able to go along a gravelled road in luxurious ease.

When I have shown my class a diagram, and think they have looked at it long enough, I wipe the board black in readiness for the next thing I wish to write. I expect the class to accept the passing away of that which has served its purpose; to face the blackness and blankness quietly; and to sit still and listen to what I may be telling them, till I have occasion to write something fresh. As I am only a limited, fallible human teacher, the class always does show me that much respect. When God wipes something off His blackboard, some of His class drown His voice by howling and screaming hysterically, about the loss of that which was so precious; and the rest jump up and scribble something out of their own heads, in order not to see the blankness. If my class behaved as God's class does, what should I do? Not, I hope, lose my temper and my self-respect; not curse them or burn them or

inflict vengeful penalties. I think I should put my chalk down on the table and say:—"I can teach you nothing in this turmoil; when you have done making a noise and are ready to listen, I will try to tell you something."

But neither I nor anyone could put the pupils back into the condition which they would have been in had they been quiet from the beginning. They may gain other wisdom from repentance and correction of their folly; but they can no longer learn exactly what they would have learned had they not been guilty of it.

Face illusions, hallucinations, and nervous terrors boldly; and dare to let yourself know how they arose. You may not be able to conquer them; but there always was a time in the history of each when you would have been able to conquer it. Be wise now; do not let it conquer you; but sit still *now* and learn what you can from treating it as the consequence of some former mistake of yours.

Nearly half a century ago, I woke one night screaming in terror. I had dreamed of a grey fiend, who had my dear dead father's features, but with a horrible expression on the face, and horns above it. His hands, ending in claws, were clutching at my hair; and he was trying to drag me by it into hell. I saw his face and felt his clutch after I woke, and was, for some time, powerless to banish them. At times I see and feel them still. But I could, and did, and do, recognise the origin of the demon, and know him for what he is:—the child of my own folly and cruelty.

My father lived in an atmosphere of medical reform and had a strong feeling against certain kinds of medical

practice in vogue in his day. I had once heard a doctor recommending for me a certain mode of treatment, insisting that it was harmless and answered well. To cut short the discussion father said, speaking metaphorically :—" It may answer for other people ; it could not for my child ; Hahnemann would rise from his grave to prevent it." Years afterwards, when my husband wished to send for an ordinary doctor to perform some little operation, I involuntarily cried out :—" Father would rise from his grave to prevent it," meaning at first only to speak in metaphor. But then, the spirit of dishonest self-will entered into me, and I repeated the sentence pretending to believe what I was saying. My husband, deceived by my air of conviction, feared to oppose me lest he should bring on delirium, and so desisted from his intention. In my sleep, the marvellous mechanism of the unconscious mind transmuted the falsehood by which I had deceived my husband into a fiend which for a moment deceived myself, and which retained power to haunt me after I had detected his non-reality. While I keep this material brain, I cannot quite dislodge the fiend or be quite the same as I should have been had I never generated him. But I can be, and I hope am, a wiser woman for each of his visits. Every time he comes, he pays toll. The supreme folly would be to let him come and go, and leave no blessing behind him.

We now come to the subject of hysteria.

No fixed monomania, etc., is hysteria proper. All that is here said must be taken to refer to cases of polar-opposite phases. The lines of cleavage may run in any direction. There may be cleavage between very reasonable and very unreasonable moods; alternation

between melancholy and great cheerfulness; between temper or impertinence and a desire to express contrition for the ill-tempered or impertinent speeches or acts; between conceited impertinence to a teacher, and abject humility to, or slavish hero-worship of, that teacher.

In all cases of polarity, one phase should be selected as the handle for curing the disease by the method of using the selected phase to put pressure on the other. The uninstructed nurse or caretaker very commonly selects the wrong phase, the one which she ought to leave alone, and neglects the phase which she ought to get hold of and educate.

Do not argue against the dicta of the unreasonable phase; but educate the patient, Jane, in her reasonable phase, to turn her attention on to the doings of Jane in the unreasonable phase; to issue her orders for the conduct of unreasonable Jane. Be a mere mechanical outside implement of reasonable Jane to coerce unreasonable Jane into obeying her true master, *i.e.* reasonable Jane.

In case of melancholy and cheerful phases, do not try to *cheer* melancholy Polly; still less reprove her for being melancholy. Let alone melancholy Polly. But when cheerful Polly wants to chatter and sing, etc., get her to be quiet and occupy her time in meditation on the pleasantness and beauty and goodness of things and people; *in storing up, in her unconscious brain*, mind-pictures which may crop up and divert and cheer melancholy Polly. (You will not use words to Polly about unconscious cerebration, etc.; but see that she does the thing:—check the great pouring off of the cheerfulness.)

In alternations of conceit and over-humility, do not

snub the conceited Ethel. But say to the humble Ethel:—"If you *really* think I know so much better than you do, then take my advice *now*. Don't waste words praising me. Say nothing about me. Go and sit still and *think steadily* about what a wrong thing it is not to take my advice when *you don't happen to feel*, for the moment, so respectful towards me."

In case of alternate ill-temper and contrition, allow the ill-temper full swing (so far as may be consistent with the safety and comfort of others). Do *not* moral-lecture about the temper itself. But say to the contrite Maggie:—"What you really did wrong was: to disturb others by expressing your mood; to indulge your temporary mood by forcing notice of it on other people. It is just as wrong to do that about your contrite mood as about your angry one. If you are really sorry for what you did wrong, don't do the same wrong now this minute. I am busy; my work and my repose were interfered with by your self-expression. Show you are sorry by consenting not to talk of your present feelings. Go away and think, *now*, how wrong it is to insist on showing people just what you feel at the moment." In case there is any person to whom apology ought to be made, you can add:—"I will find an opportunity for you to make the apology, this evening" (or to-morrow or next week, as the case may be). Take care that the apology is *not made under the strong impulse to do so*, not while making it is a relief, not till making it is a slight effort.

The polar-phases of hysteria are in some cases periodic; in others, are determined by accidents of food, air, etc., etc. In others, again, by the mental influences from the

outside. But however the *time* is determined, the Eternal Fact is that the reasonable, or cheerful, or contrite, or humble phase is one of *receptivity* of the "Cosmic Force," "Holy Ghost," "Divine Magnetism" (people use one or other of these expressions, according to their modes of belief, but I am speaking now only of the force as a force). The other phase, in each disease, is the slack-time, the ebb-tide, of receptivity.

The whole hygiene of the matter depends on seeing that the patient *does not expend the force outwardly during the time of reception*; but stores it up in her tissues, to be used later.

The specific treatment for hysteria consists in teaching the organisation, not only to store up force in a general neutral way, but to pitch it on to the cure of the specific disease under treatment. The main difficulty of teaching all this consists in the fact that people object to thinking of the Holy Ghost as a calculable, manageable Force. The Holy Ghost, before it touches a human nerve-system, is "God" (at least you and I think so). But so much Holy Ghost as has been discharged on to human brain-tissue, is, henceforth, Force; to be disposed of as medical experience and wisdom direct. We have an algebra of its mode of action, as precise as that of electricity (though, fortunately, far simpler). It is all very well when we have done a week's work and need re-laxation, to sing hymns in church about Divine Persons and our own emotions—if we find it refreshes us. But in working hours our business with God Almighty is to *use* Him for healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, and (especially) casting out the devil. Surely no reasonable Deity cares for that form of homage

which consists in flinging back in His face that divine gift, the algebra of the healing force, under the pretext that He is too sentimental to care for the Laws by which He acts (and which He forces us to act by or else suffer under).

"Oh! how *love* I Thy Law; all the day long is my study in it!"

CHAPTER XIV

MOBILITY AND DECISION

WHAT is the ultimate desideratum in education? That the consciousness of the educated person should vibrate spontaneously in response to Nature's rhythmic motions.

But are we all to be, as to our thought-life, mere free-thinkers; all alike, able to sway in any direction? Surely that would be as monotonous, as far out of line with Nature's plan of organised, correlated differentiation, as anything well could be. One equipoised Logan is interesting, as a type and as a symbol; but it is only a type-symbol, not a general fact.

Hardly any individual could, even if he would, become an unprejudiced thinker in all directions. Or I would rather say, it is not given to most of us to be, in any true sense, *thinkers*, on all topics. The existence of what we call prejudice is due, not to this limitation, which is in itself normal, but to the fact that we ignore our limitations; we try to do that which we are unfitted to do, and we therefore do it badly. Each of us has some one or more points at which his elasticity has been destroyed by something that happened either before or after his birth; some point at which his mind is "biassed," *i.e.* feels the force of arguments on one side and not on the other; some point at which he feels he

must take something for granted, at which he therefore fails to respond to the touch of logic, of truth. If you doubt this, find some Englishman who has been arguing about the rights of Europeans to colonise in Asia or Africa, and apply his arguments to the new-colonist microbes who have lately set up diphtheria in his child. Or find someone who has been trying to persuade the Irish to "forgive" the English settlers and come to friendly terms with them. Apply his arguments to a colony of rats which have settled in his cellar. In either case see what response is given to this reversal of direction![1]

Each of us has some line along which his mind fails to respond to the touch of logic, of reason. Each can, if he will be honest with himself, detect and locate these points. Each one should be able to say to himself:—"If I try to judge about so and so, I shall judge falsely, *therefore I will not try to judge of it at all.*" This is quite different from saying:—"As I think differently from the majority, I must be thinking falsely; therefore I will try to believe what others believe." Learn first to know for yourself in what lines your mind is incapable of moving freely both ways alike; (and do not suffer your-

[1] Willingness to test one's thought by reversal does not imply any weakness in deciding either on the course of action which is one's own immediate duty, or on that which is right as tending towards the higher evolution of man. On the contrary, the honesty of one's decision is best proved by *willingness* to see what the argument really looks like when turned upside down. No painter doubts which is the right side up of his picture, or consents to its being hung permanently wrong side up; but he turns it upside down for a few minutes, and judges of its true balance by looking at it in an inverted position.

self to try to think in those lines at all); secondly, as to any line in which you can think freely, learn to know when your mind has settled back to its true condition of equipoise after the exercise of rocking between opposite extremes.

Free mobility in thought does not imply laxity of moral decision. Force for moral decision should be pumped in by the rocking movement of thought and emotion; but moral decision should be taken when the rocking is over and the mind has come back to that position of rest in which one is no longer a mere free-thinker but a human being; in which personal duties and claims reassert themselves; in which one is the child of one's own parents, the servant of one's own nation, the outcome of one's own past, in which sweet reasonableness has re-asserted itself, and one is willing to accept, as indications of one's real nature, as aids to one's true evolution, as materials for future thought, those duties which the past has fastened upon one, duties which are really due to those other individuals whom the facts of one's past have linked to oneself. Force for decision should be pumped in by the freest rocking between alternate moods, opposite exaggerations; decisions should be formed at the time of equipoise. The habit should be acquired, early in life, of acting, constantly and resolutely, on decisions arrived at during the times of equipoise. Each such decision, after being acted on, affords fresh experience and materials for fresh thought; each can be the occasion for a fresh pumping up of force by a fresh process of rocking. The habit should be formed young of acting in all moods on decisions taken in moods of equipoise.

Some of us find this out "too late," as we call it; too late to form the habit within our own immediate personality. But it is never too late to help to form a world habit. If you are to be hanged to-morrow, society (of which you *are* a member, however pompously it may play-act at eliminating you) will be helped to come to sound convictions by your formulating them clearly to yourself to-day, will form good habits the sooner for your seeing to-day that they would be good to form.

"Between the saddle and the ground
I mercy sought and mercy found"

said the old epitaph in the days when men believed that it was God's function to forgive individual man. Now we know that society is the sinner and individuals are its victims. Between the condemned cell and the halter, the victim may confer a boon upon the world.

CHAPTER XV

THE STEADYING OF THE IMAGINATION

IT is a very common notion that faith and morals are decaying owing to the decay of certain beliefs and opinions (about what happened or did not happen in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and about what is or what is not wholesome and advisable in regard to sex arrangements). And many people wish to keep the old beliefs in order to preserve faith and morals.

This whole view of things seems to involve a large number of assumptions, and is a great hindrance to the process of forging passion into power.

Why should not beliefs and opinions decay? The process has been going on ever since the beginning of history; it appears to be quite normal and a necessary condition of progress.

If the decay of something which ought to decay does harm to something which ought not to decay, this happens not because the former has decayed, but because the decayed matter has not been got rid of quickly enough. The remedy, for diseases born of the putrefaction of that which has served its purpose and is no longer useful, is not to preserve the putrefying matter but to get rid of it out of the way of the living organism. Why should we suppose that faith and morals will be

any the healthier for our chaining them up to dead beliefs and opinions?

Then, again, I exceedingly doubt whether faith and the moral sense are decaying in England now to any very large extent, as yet. They are unmistakably going to pieces, but at present they seem to me to show symptoms rather of being battered to pieces alive than of decay.

There are certain important things in human life which ought to be so arranged that they can be easily opened to let anything in or out, but which when shut should be securely fastened, so as to prevent useless, violent, and irregular banging to and fro.

The same is true of the doors and windows of a house. About the doors and windows we all understand. They should open easily, shut easily, and be easily capable of secure fastening. But in moral and spiritual matters a mistake seems to prevail similar to that which was pointed out before about the mobile equilibrium. In these matters, if people find a door securely shut they suppose that it would be necessarily difficult to open, and when they find that it opens easily they suppose that it must necessarily go on banging till it has done serious damage to the house. This superstitious *a priori* assumption prevents them from setting quietly to work to adjust the fastenings so as to secure the maximum of utility in both directions.

Chapter XVII. will suggest a system of door-handles suitable for our house of thought. But first we must say a few words about why some of the doors are at present stuck fast, and the others banging "fit to knock the house down," to use the homely housekeeper's expression.

In the old pre-scientific days, the thought-life of serious people, the family life of most decent people, and the parochial life of everybody, centred round certain things as to which comparatively few people had any doubts—things to which it was possible to attach some idea of permanence. There were certain ideas about marriage and the meaning of the word "purity," and certain opinions about things which were supposed to have happened in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, which could be assumed as premisses in family conversation, because everybody knew that the other people in the house or the parish believed in them, more or less. And it was possible to associate with them some idea of permanence. When one member of a family passed over into the Unseen World it was possible for the mourners to conceive of him or her adoring Jesus in heaven as he had done on earth, if somewhat more ecstatically. It was possible to imagine the daughter who had passed away, kneeling before the Throne, wearing a white robe of virginity which was a glorified version of the confirmation frock which had been a common object of pious pride to her mother and her young sisters.

Imagination had thus points of attachment in the realm of the permanent.

On the other hand, among the *élite* of the intellectual world of now, where all beliefs and opinions have been burned away in the glow of a common delight in the search of truth, the same blessed possibility exists in a higher form. The individual thought-life and the family conversation centre round the search for truth, and when the father or child passes away there is nothing to

prevent one's imagining him or her still absorbed in the search for truth, still dropping germs of thought into the minds of those left behind. All this is pure imagination, we know. It proves nothing; but also it disturbs nothing. The phenomenon which we call death has no power to disturb faith, which is thus left to develop *à la grâce de Dieu*, without hindrance. Now it is the nature of faith to grow if circumstances make it possible that it should. But in a very large number of families now it is impossible for life and conversation to centre round anything that can be conceived of as having permanence. Each member of a family is afraid to speak at home of anything serious for fear of uprooting somebody else's prejudices. Family life tends to centre round "thing-y things." Family affection, therefore, has no mode of expression or of exercise except on the side of attending to each other's transitory sensations, and of providing for each other little comforts or little luxuries, or, if there is money enough, great luxuries. The communal mind of the family is occupied about things that cost money, waste time, and fritter away earnestness—things which perish in the using.

Now though it was possible to imagine a girl who has passed away adoring Jesus in a glorified confirmation frock, it is quite impossible to imagine her making eyes at a not too respectable potentate in any version, however glorified, of a Parisian costume. It is possible to imagine the departed wife receiving holy communion from the hands of Jesus or one of the Saints, while the husband by whose side she used to kneel still receives it at the hands of the parson. It is much more difficult to imagine the departed lady ordering in ice-cream from

a fashionable confectioner, or haggling over the price of turtle soup.

Or again, at the higher thought-levels, it is very easy to imagine the departed friend going on dropping germs of philosophy into one's mind as he had been doing for half a century before he passed over. It would be much more difficult to imagine him inspiring one with thoughts about which looks the more chic of two drawing-room wallpapers. The worldliness, the thing-y-ness of a life which has separated itself from idolatrous beliefs and has not yet attained to religious philosophy, is loosening imagination from its old attachments, without, in most cases, providing it as yet with any fresh ones.

In some families, therefore, the imagination is left loose and batters faith to pieces. In others it is clumsily nailed up so that faith is etiolated for want of air and exercise.

Again, when the church life provided rhythm, joy, interest, and perpetual change, there was less need for people to seek pleasures for themselves or each other. But life without some joy is very dull. If there is no joy in life except what comes from immediate sensation connected with the mechanical apparatus of enjoyment, one cannot be very scrupulous as to one's way of acquiring the possibility of providing enjoyment for the dear ones. And if we cannot get it out of that which is permanent, one must snatch incessantly at the transitory forms of it. Whereas, where life is one perpetual revel in the joys of either mystic belief or still more mystic truth-seeking, it becomes too valuable to be wasted on vices, and so full that over-much sensuous pleasure is not a temptation but an intrusion, a nuisance and a bore.

CHAPTER XVI

TEACHER-LUST

THE whole discussion about education is thrown into confusion by a foregone conclusion that some classes of desire are more specially evil lusts of the flesh than other classes of desire. All desires are lusts of the flesh in so far as they are prompted by impulses stored up in any part of the nervous tissue. The lust is good or bad according not to the precise part of the body in which it resides but to its being or not being correlated with, and subordinated to, the conditions of the environment, to some external need. The three great nerve-centres, stomach, sex-organ, and brain, have a parallel history and run parallel courses. And those of which we know the dangers form the best map for the one which we have to study.

The stomach has for its function to absorb creatures of other species and build up one's own flesh by their destruction. To do this sufficiently for health and vigour is normal, and may be said to be the duty, the religion, of a stomach. Its first aberration is to perform this, its true function, in excess of any practical need or utility; to build up a really healthy body, but to do the building in such a manner as diverts attention from the very things for which a healthy body is useful, to make

the having a healthy body an object instead of a means to an end. The second lust of the stomach is to eat actual food, but in excess of what can be digested; the part which is in excess diverts digestive force from that normal quantity which, if properly digested, would have built up healthy tissue, and so induces disease. The third lust of the stomach is to get put into itself things which have no tendency to build up tissue, which only momentarily amuse it with a false sensation of being satisfied.

The sex-organ has a similar gamut of degradation. Its function being to perpetuate the race, and especially the best types, its first aberration is to make the having of a large and prosperous family the be-all and end-all of existence, and to sacrifice all other considerations to making one's own posterity a large and important figure in the future of the human race. This was the ideal of some old Jewish patriarchs. The second step downhill is to put children into the world in excess of the present possibility of bringing them up healthy. The third is to amuse the sex-organ with sensations in ways which have no tendency to produce posterity.

Now I do not wish to assert or imply either that the stomach has no function except that of digestion, or the sex-organs none but that of procreation. It may well be that each of these organs is on the road to develop a connection with some other function. I do not profess to judge for other people exactly when the indulgence of a desire is right and when wrong; I am only pointing out a parallelism between three series of facts, as to which most people judge themselves and guide themselves by different standards, and as to which they would,

it seems to me, guide themselves more wisely if they judged them all three by the same standard.

The third series is that which relates to teacher-lusts. The teacher (whether school-teacher, minister of religion, political leader, or head of a family) has a desire to make those under him conform themselves to his ideals. Nations could not be built up, nor children preserved from ruin, if some such desire did not exist and exert itself in some degree. But it has its gamut of lusts, very similar to those run down by the other faculties. First, the teacher wants to regulate the actions, conduct, and thoughts of other people in a way that does no obvious harm but is quite in excess both of normal rights and of practical necessity. Next, he wants to proselytise, convince, control, to arrest the spontaneous action of other minds, to an extent which ultimately defeats its own ends by making the pupils too feeble and automatic to carry on his teaching into the future with any vigour. Lastly, he acquires a sheer automatic lust for telling other people "to don't," for arresting spontaneous action in others in a way that destroys their power even to learn at the time what he is trying to teach them. What is wanted is that we should pull these three series tight so as to see their parallelism, and not go on fogging ourselves with any such foolish notion as that sex-passion is a lust of the flesh and teacher-lust a thing in itself pure and good, which may legitimately be indulged in to the uttermost.

Few teachers now are so conceited as not to know that they have a great deal to learn, and that their methods need revising and improving, but the majority are seeking for improved methods of doing more of what

they are already doing a great deal too much of. The improvement which they most need is to be brought under conviction, to be made see their conduct, their aims, their whole attitude towards their pupils and their work, in the light reflected on them from those of the drunkard and the debauchee.

CHAPTER XVII

THE NEW IDEA OF ORDER

THREE main symbols of authority have shared between them the attention of the world: the slave-driver's whip, the shepherd's crook, and the conductor's bâton. A reasonable man should make up his mind which of the three he prefers: which he will submit to when it is his turn to submit and wield when the time comes for him to rule.

The slave-driver's whip has various modifications, conventionalised disguises: the sceptre, the mace, the truncheon, the cane. The appeal of them all alike is to immediate impressions on the senses. Their message is brutal but honest:—"If you will obey my will, your sensations shall be more agreeable than they will be if you thwart my will."

The shepherd's crook is modified into a bishop's crozier. The functions of the two are similar: to keep the sheep from strenuous exercise in high altitudes, where their limbs grow fleet and their tissues tough; to keep off wolves who might dispute possession of any portion of the flock with the man who considers himself its rightful owner; to lead them into plentiful pasture, so as to make them fat and their flesh tender, and guide them cunningly at last into the yard of the slaughter-house

The whole system is simply one long deception—often of sentimental self-deception.

The conductor's bâton exerts no control except during certain hours of practice and of performance. Once the appointed time has expired, every man is free to go where he likes and do as he chooses. He is freer (because more able) than he would have been without his occasional episodes of servitude, to play by himself whatever tune he chooses, or to enter into effective combinations with musicians not known in that conductor's orchestra.

Friends, under which symbol will you serve? And by which will you prefer to rule?

. . . . . .

But let us remember that even for the shepherds there is room in hell.

We can *all* say to the Great Purifying Pulsator:—"If we make our bed in hell, Thou art there: forge and transform our Passion into Power."

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